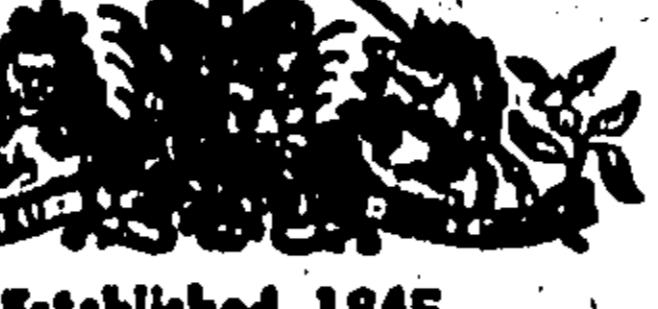




# CHINA MAIL

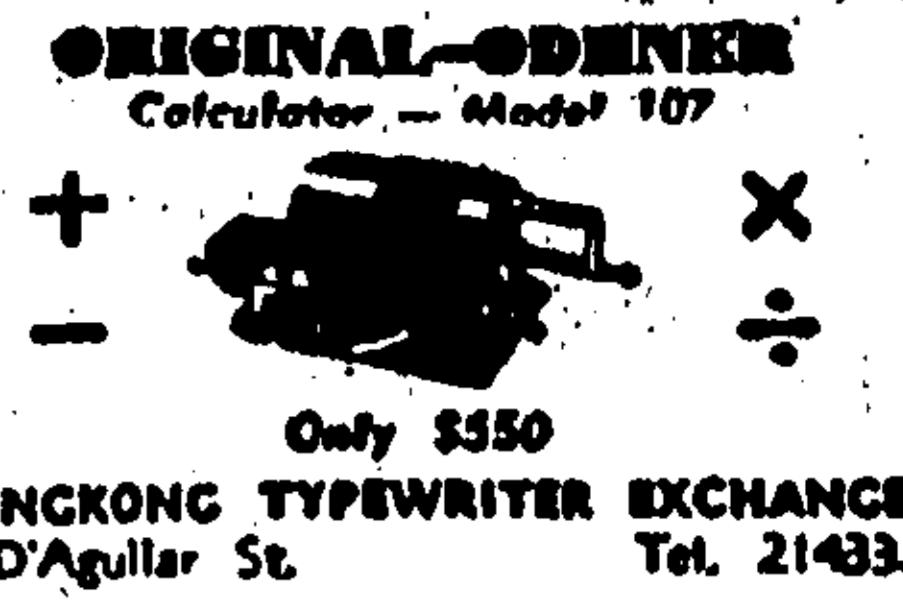


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SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1954.

Price 30 Cents


**COMMENT OF THE DAY**
**General Ely's Appointment**

THE replacement of General Navarre by General Paul Ely as Commander-in-Chief in Indo-China is of profound importance and significance to the people of that war-torn country and the French Union forces fighting there. The appointment throws an entirely new French emphasis on the whole question of Indo-China. Manifestly it means that, come what may at Geneva, France has no intention of militarily abandoning the country. On the contrary it is a most decisive sign that if events decree the war shall continue, a very much more determined effort will be made to obliterate the Vietminh rebels as a military factor in Indo-China.

The replacing of General Navarre was expected. The failure of his strategy in the Red River delta and the loss of Dien Bien Phu were severe blows to his prestige as a general in the field. Moreover, all reports indicate that these reverses have affected the morale of the French Union forces and they require new and inspiring leadership. With the appointment of General Ely, who as Chairman of the French Chiefs of Staff ranks as the highest member of the French armed forces, the boost in morale is assured, and when he takes over his command, a new strategy and probably revised tactics can be expected in the use of the French Union forces against the rebels. There is a second aspect of General Ely's appointment which attracts attention. He is to combine the functions of C-in-C with the duties of Commissioner-General which gives General Ely political as well as military responsibilities.

In this office General Ely will be working much closer to political leaders of Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia than General Navarre was able to. He will be in a position to coordinate military requirements with political considerations; and a much bigger measure of co-operation between the French and the Union forces should be one result. General Ely's ability is already established and his personal prestige high. On these two grounds alone his appointment will bring needed benefits to Indo-China.

## Nine-Nation Commission For Indo-China Proposed

### Eden Returns To London

London, June 4. Mr Anthony Eden, the British Foreign Secretary, said on arrival here from Geneva tonight that the Asian conference was making "slow progress."

He told reporters at London airport: "I should be going back there for a meeting on Tuesday."

Mr Eden said: "I am back for a day or two and will spend most of the time in the country, but I expect to see Sir Winston Churchill, the Prime Minister, and some of my colleagues tomorrow morning."

"The conference is making slow progress and I shall be back there for our meeting on Tuesday."

Mr Eden declined to elaborate his statement except to say that it was obvious that if the progress was less slow the conference would be proceeding better.

Reminded that on leaving London two weeks ago he had predicted that the next week or two would prove decisive Mr Eden smiled and said that whether this had proved true or not would have to be deduced from his statement. He was not prepared to add to it.

Mr Eden reported to the Cabinet tomorrow morning on the progress of the Far Eastern conference now six weeks old.—Reuter.

### Mrs Jagan In Trouble Again

Georgetown, June 4. Police today obtained a summons against Mrs Janet Jagan, Secretary of the People's Progressive Party, accusing her of publicly possessing a book on police riot drill.

She will appear before a magistrate on June 18.

The book, giving top secret information about police moves in case of a riot, was alleged to have been found in Mrs Jagan's home in a police search following the dynamiting of Queen Victoria's statue on May 26.—Reuter.

### SUGGESTED INCLUSION OF JAPAN

Geneva, June 4.

Seven countries—including Japan—were listed today by the Cambodian Foreign Minister, Mr Tep Phan, as a group from which three could be chosen to serve on the proposed neutral nations supervisory commission for Indo-China.

Mr Tep Phan was the only delegate today to put forward the names of any countries for the commission as the nine-nation Indo-China peace conference wrangled for another three hours about the powers an armistice supervisory commission should have.

Today's session of the conference again got nowhere, conference sources said. But one Western delegate said the atmosphere at today's meeting—the 12th secret session in the Palace of Nations—was better than at the three sessions when the same problem was debated fruitlessly.

The seven countries suggested by the Cambodian delegate were Japan, India, Pakistan, Burma, the Philippines, Italy and Canada.

Later in the session, Mr Vyacheslav Molotov, the Soviet Foreign Minister, who presided, accepted an American proposal yesterday that the members of the Commission should continue privately between the Foreign Ministers.

Mr Walter Bedell Smith, United States Under-Secretary of State, said yesterday that this would spare possible candidates for the Commission from the embarrassment of having their names bandied about in public.

Mr Tep Phan rejected China's insistence on applying the ban on reinforcements that would follow an armistice to all three Indo-Chinese states—Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia.

He said that when Cambodia returned to normal and was again at peace, the country would need military equipment from abroad, though it would only seek to meet its own needs.

Mr Tep Phan said the only task for the armistice commission in Cambodia would be to supervise the withdrawal of the invading Vietnamese battalions.

Conference sources quoted the Cambodian delegates as saying: "Why should there be any control on arms entering our country? Why for instance should there not be control on us going into China?"

#### EDEN BACKS CLAIMS

Mr Anthony Eden, the British Foreign Secretary—who flew back to London immediately after today's session—backed Cambodia's claims that the problems in Cambodia were different from those in Vietnam.

He said that the Cambodian question should be discussed as soon as possible, conference sources said.

Mr Eden said a fundamental armistice commission and the joint committees of the two sides were to carry out observations of the truce lines.

The Chinese and Vietminh proposals gave the primary role

### Police Officers Acquitted

#### Alleged Cruelty To Suspect

Nairobi, June 4. Two Kenya police reserve officers were acquitted at Nakuru today of charges that they ordered a Mau Mau suspect to be held over fire to make him confess.

The jury took three quarters of an hour to decide that Dennis Pharazyn, 29, of Kitale, and Michael J. Sawyer of Mombasa were not guilty of causing bodily harm to Kimwana Githuri, a Kikuyu tribesman.

The prosecution had alleged that Pharazyn and Sawyer ordered African policemen to hold Githuri over a fire to make him confess to Mau Mau activities.

Kimwana said he was held over the fire twice and was beaten on the chest and stomach while the two officers watched.

Pharazyn and Sawyer said the burning took place after they had left the scene and without their knowledge.

The defence submitted that the four African policemen who were accused of the burning had perjured themselves to put the blame on the officers, and that evidence by Kimwana was not worthy of belief because he was a Mau Mau member.

In his summing up, the judge warned the jury that the four policemen must be considered accomplices and that their evidence therefore required corroboration.—China Mail Special.

### Demonstration In Berlin

Berlin, June 5. West Berlin police last night used truncheons to break up two Communist youth demonstrations—one in the French and one in the American sector.

They detained 122 demonstrators.

Police said 700 youths took part in the demonstrations entering West Berlin in small groups from the adjacent Soviet sector and attempting to march up in formation.

Most of the demonstrators detained were East Berlin members of the Communist Free German youth, though they did not wear the blue shirts of the movement.

Interrogations showed that the demonstrations had been organised in East Berlin, police said.

They occurred on the eve of a three-day Communist youth rally in East Berlin.—Reuter.

### Gun Battle: I Killed, Several Wounded

Buenos Aires, June 4. One man was killed and several wounded in a gunbattle which ended a metal-workers meeting here today.

The police used gas to break up the fight, in which bottles were also used as weapons, and cordoned off the area.

Witnesses said the fight began when delegates arrived in force from outlying areas to break a strike which has been complete in the capital for a fortnight.

Afterwards a delegation which went to police headquarters reported that President Juan Peron had agreed to interview the workers.

Meanwhile, impromptu speakers harangued the crowd, and told the metal-workers to go to union headquarters tomorrow and "kick the executive out."—Reuter.

### Can Now Store Sun's Energy

#### Conversion Into Electricity

Baltimore, June 4.

The United States Air Force announced today it had found a way of storing the sun's energy and turning it into electricity for the home.

The method opens up the possibility of homes being supplied with power from a sheet of steel either resting on the roof or built into the house.

The Air Force said it had developed a "solar generator" using cadmium sulfide, a yellow powder used as a pigment in the manufacture of paint.

The powder is processed into crystal, which picks up the sun's rays. A wafer thin sheet of this crystal, four by 15 feet, would supply enough current for a small house, the Air Force said.

Electrodes are attached to the side of the crystal and a wire running from the positive electrode to a motor or battery and back to the negative electrode forms the circuit.

The amount of current generated depends on the area of the electrode attached to the crystal. The Air Force's experimental generator used a piece of crystal about the size of a lump of sugar and an electrode an eighth of an inch square. It produced a third of a volt.

The generator was developed by the Wright Air Development centre near Dayton, Ohio. It is the United States second "power from the sun" device.

In April the Bell Telephone Company announced it had produced a "solar battery" which converts sunlight into electricity through silicon transistors.

In this system light striking strips of silicon creates a flow of electric current in atoms in the strips—Reuter.

### Churchill "Retirement Jitters" Hit Britain

London, June 4. Parliament closed down tonight for a 10-day Whitsuntide holiday with many members trying to puzzle out when Sir Winston Churchill intends to retire—and some confident it will be soon.

Churchill "retirement jitters" have reached such a state in the political world here that practically every engagement of the Prime Minister—from his routine visit to Queen Elizabeth to any Cabinet meeting called at an odd hour—sparks off new speculation.

For almost a year now, Sir Winston Churchill has been having a wonderful game with the prophets. Oiling tenaciously to office when one after another of the deadlines they have fixed for his departure has come and gone, he has discouraged their best efforts.

Now, six months off his 80th birthday, he is getting as much fun as ever out of the speculation, which by the end of this month, will have turned full circle.

At the end of June last year, he was a sick man whom the world fully expected to stand down in a few months at most, possibly using the Conservative Party's autumn conference for his swan song.

#### FULLY RECOVERED

Today, no longer sick and possibly fitter than before his breakdown, he is predicted to be considering this year's Party conference in October for his official farewell.

The argument is that he wants to hand over to Mr Anthony Eden his official deputy before the year is out. This would give Mr Eden a chance of settling down in the Prime Ministership before the Conservative Government has run its full five-year course which takes it to 1956.

Sir Winston Churchill is certainly booked to make his annual address to the autumn conference. But whether he intends to "spring" his resignation then nobody really knows.

Other reports give the Prime Minister a shorter lease of official life suggesting the "handover" will come before autumn. Reports that he would retire when Queen Elizabeth returned to England from her Commonwealth tour last month have now been replaced by others that he may choose Monday, June 14, when he is to be officially installed as a Knight of the Order of the Garter—for the announcement.

The Prime Minister report is that he is fit and still saying nothing about retirement.

He is living a bachelor life at the moment because Lady Churchill is taking a cure for neuritis at the French Spa Aix Les Bains.

He will spend his Whitsuntide weekend at his private country home, Chartwell, in Kent, to which he is much devoted. But first he has a Cabinet meeting tomorrow to hear Mr Eden report on the Geneva Far East conference.—Reuter.

#### Gao For Abductor

Berlin, June 4. Kurt Knoblock was today sentenced to ten years imprisonment by a West Berlin court for his part in the kidnapping of Dr Walter Lins, a member of the Free Jurist Committee in 1952. Knoblock confessed that he had helped to get Lins into the Soviet zone but later retracted his statement. He was arrested in March, 1953.—France-Press.

#### INCH OF RAIN

A total of 1.14 inches of rain were recorded by the Royal Observatory for the period 1 a.m. to 9 a.m. today. The heaviest fall occurred at 7 a.m. with 47 points of an inch recorded.

### BACARDI Carta Blanca RUM

**"BACARDI COCKTAIL"**  
1 measure Bacardi Rum;  
Juice of ½ lime (or  
lemon) 2 dashes  
Grenadine Syrup. Shake  
well with cracked ice  
and strain.

Imported by  
**CALDBECK MACGREGOR & CO., LTD.**  
2 Charles Road, H.K.

**FLY PAL TO MANILA**

4 FLIGHTS WEEKLY

Flights every Tuesday, Friday and Saturday leave Hong Kong at 12 noon and arrive in Manila at 3 p.m. local time. Flights leaving Hong Kong 3 p.m. Thursday arrive in Manila at 6 p.m. local time.

**PAL PHILIPPINE AIRLINES**

**SHELL WITH ICA**

IGNITION CONTROL ADDITIVE

ONLY SHELL HAS I.C.A.

British Patent Registered

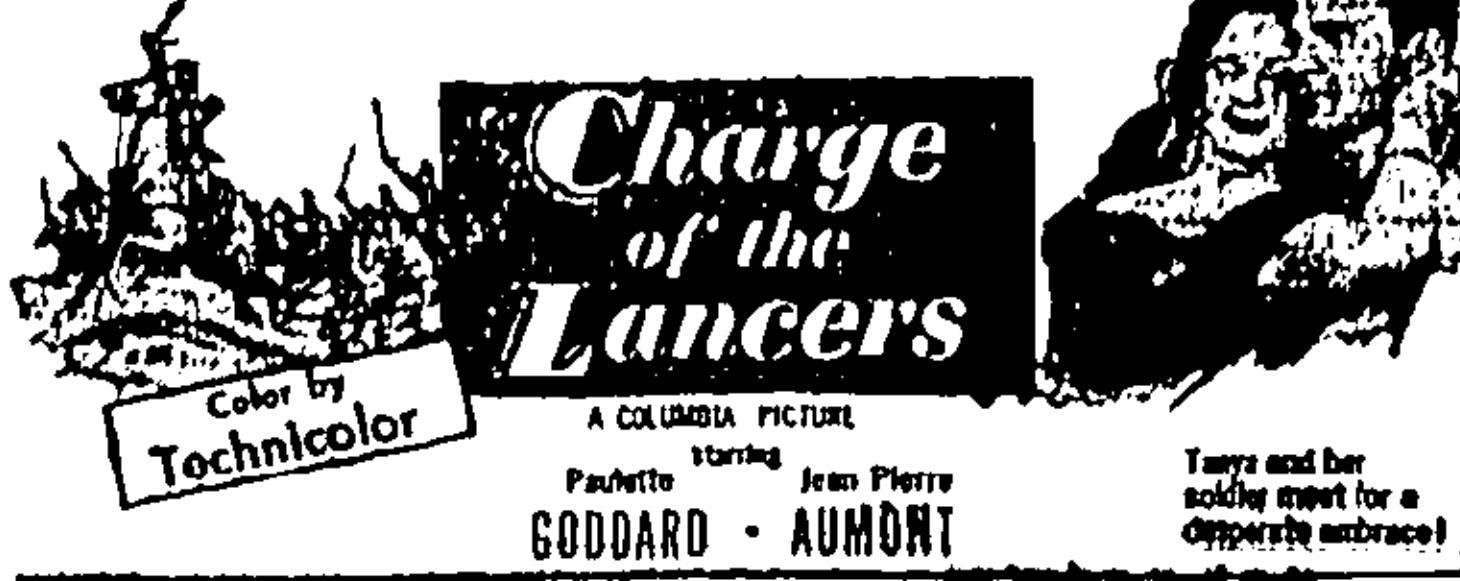
**KING'S PRINCESS**

**FINAL SHOWING TO-DAY**  
AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20  
& 9.30 P.M.



• OPENS TO-MORROW •

**HERE COME THE LANCERS!**  
ZERO HOUR AT SEBASTOPOL  
Spectacular Unforgettable!



MR. RICHARD STANLEY - Story and Screen Play by ROBERT L. KURT. Produced by DALE ESTESON - Directed by WILLIAM CASTAN

ADDED ATTRACTION ON THE STAGE

**MR. MENG LIANG**

THE CREAEST CHINESE MAGICIAN PERFORMING AMAZING FEATS

SUNDAY MORNING **KING'S** AT 11.30 A.M.  
Universal-International Presents  
**ABBOTT and COSTELLO "LOST IN ALASKA"**  
ADMISSIONS: \$1.00 and \$1.50

AIR CONDITIONED  
**CAPITOL LIBERTY**  
THE HOME OF Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures  
TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.  
ON PANORAMIC SCREEN

*William Holden*

The Academy Award Winner of 1953  
in

M-G-M'S GREATEST OUTDOOR COLOR DRAMA!  
**ESCAPE FROM FORT BRAVO**  
with  
WILLIAM HOLDEN ELEANOR PARKER JOHN FORSTNER

ALSO: Latest "NEWS OF THE DAY"  
U.S.S. BENNINGTON BLASTS  
5 SHOWS ON SUNDAY

**LEE GREAT WORLD**  
TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

THE MIGHTY SAGA OF THE NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE!

*Alfred Hitchcock's*  
**ALAN LADD - SHELLEY WINTERS**  
"SASKATCHEWAN"

Technicolor

ACTUALLY FILMED IN THE  
CANADIAN ROCKIES

A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

LEE at 12.00 Noon  
C. 12.30 P.M.  
"SASKATCHEWAN"  
9 STOOGES & CARTOONS

**MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN****FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING**

By JANE ROBERTS

Most of the first run theatres are giving us big pictures calculated to last for at least a week. While it's not always the big films that are the most worth while from the mental angle, this week's selection seems to be a pretty fair one.

The QUEEN'S and the ALHAMBRA have "THE COMMAND", followed by Doris Day's "LUCKY ME". The latter I'll tell you about next week.

The CAPITOL and LIBERTY are showing "ESCAPE FROM FORT BRAVO" and coming after that, Mel Ferrer and Ava Gardner will, as King Arthur and Queen Guinevere, rule over England in "KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE". This, in spite of rumours of Red Skelton in "HALF A HERO".

"NIGHT PEOPLE" is at the ROXY and BROADWAY—almost certainly (the "almost" is my obeisance to the mysterious power that dislodges even my surest predictions) for two weeks.

The ever youthful Ginger Rogers will be coming to the EMPIRE, KING'S and PRINCESS, after their present runs, in "FOREVER FEMALE". These are, at the KING'S and PRINCESS, "CHARGE OF THE LANCERS" and at the EMPIRE, "DUFFY OF SAN QUENTIN". The EMPIRE may possibly show another picture between "DUFFY" and "FOREVER FEMALE", but so far it hasn't been decided.

At the HOOVER is Patrice Munsel in "MELBA" and "DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE" will follow "SASKATCHEWAN" into the LEE and the GREAT WORLD.

I'd hate to write off "ESCAPE FROM FORT BRAVO" as just another western, the chief reason being my immense respect for William Holden as an actor. But the fact remains that there didn't seem anything particularly original about it.

Oh yes, I enjoyed it—having sat through hundreds of westerns in my teens and loved every one of them, I can still get a thrill from watching the Indians circling the little band of settlers, cowboys, soldiers or whoever happens to be in the trap in the particular picture I'm watching, but I'd expected a super-special thrill from this An-sound colour drama and unless it's a delayed action one I didn't get it. This particular scene in "ESCAPE FROM FORT BRAVO" is the climax and also the longest drawn out part of the film.

**CHINK'S THERE**

William Holden plays a type I'm getting rather used to in outdoor films. On the surface hardboiled, ruthlessly—even cruel—this rugged exterior hides not exactly a heart of gold, but not quite the single-purposed individuals we meet in the opening sequences. One begins to be on the lookout for the chink in the armour as soon as it becomes obvious that he's hot looking at the villain.

But enough of the character of the man—as this was obviously meant to be an action picture, let's look at it along those lines.

Of riding there's plenty; of shooting, the same and for romance there's Eleanor Parker. The lucky girl not only has William Holden in love with her, but one of Holden's Confederate prisoners too—John Forster. He's very much like a younger, less taciturn Henry Fonda. Eleanor Parker's choice at the end has nothing to do with her political sympathies—a greater him, but "FOREVER FEMALE" is still exceptionally good.

Ginger Rogers seems to have been taking elocution lessons from a Boston teacher passing herself off as Mayfair since I last saw her in a picture. Every time she says "thank you" (and it seems to occur a great many times) you can almost hear the "chew-chew" spelling phonetically THINGK. In her anxiety

to drop the "R" in "charming", we get something like "CHUMMING". However, it fits in quite well with the spoilt star she plays.

William Holden, a great favourite of mine, doesn't quite equal his "SUNSET BOULEVARD" or "STALAG 17" performances, but his charm hasn't deteriorated and he's still one of the better good-looking actors on the screen today. On the other hand, Paul Douglas as Ginger Rogers' one-time husband, now best friend, always competent, is better than usual.

A newcomer being launched in this picture is Patricia Crowley—a bouncy, self-confident little miss my hand liked to spank. Certainly she can act and she even looks the 22 years she's credited with in the picture, but although the talents are there, I can't see what future she has without the glamour she has without the obviously lacks.

Ginger Rogers is an established actress in "FOREVER FEMALE". William Holden is outside the theatre circle but has written a play. He's very outspoken when he meets her—obviously she's going to fall for this line, whether he means it as one or not. His play calls for a young girl, dominated by her mother, to take the leading part.

Intrigued by his treatment of her, Beatrice Page will hear of nothing but that she should play this young girl. As (she says) she's 20, however, the girl's age will have to be advanced a little—this, of course will make the play so much more adult.

Allowing himself to be persuaded, William Holden is castigated by Patricia Crowley who (a) wants the role as it was originally written, for herself (b) is in love with Holden and jealous of the actress and (c) still trying to pretend that her original ostentatious admiration of Beatrice Page was sincere.

Supporting characters deserving mention are Peck's sergeant (I think he was a sergeant, I was too busy laughing at and with him to count his stripes) played by lanky ex-dancer Buddy Ebsen and the harassed young State Department official, Casey Adams. I keep returning to the delighted discovery that all these characters were real people, not just motion picture dummies going through the movements of playing real life scenes.

How I dislike pictures that treat me like a moron and spoon feed me with everything within a mile of becoming an original idea. "NIGHT PEOPLE," thank goodness, implies quite often "you're on your own, make what you like of this bit".

But don't sheer off in fright at this. "NIGHT PEOPLE" moves at a speed that keeps you concentrating from start to finish—never a dull moment. On this showing CinemaScope's made a convert.

With "NIGHT PEOPLE", the ROXY is showing a colourful short featuring the Pasadena (California) annual Tournament of Roses. There are floats from all over the USA and the prices they cost to make are absolutely fabulous.

In the middle of admiring the beauty of one representing Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs and another Gulliver's Travels (decorated over every inch with flowers), I couldn't help reflecting on the utter waste of it all. But what a subject for CinemaScope!

One would think that the censors would pounce with a vengeance. Not so. It appears that the producers are able to prove that they weren't thinking of sex or the box-office when they included the dance.

There was another reason for it. In the story Gloria has been dancing the same dance at the same time for over 5 years. All the men are used to it that they just go on drinking. Well that's the producers' story and they're sticking to it.

**BAD POLICY**

Mal Zetterling, commanding

on being held in America as

another Garbo: "There are at

least half a dozen new Garbos

around Hollywood. It is bad

policy to be a number seven".

Mrs Cary Grant is writing a

television series. But not for

Cary... Maria Lanza predicts

that he will be on the screen in

person before the year is out...

Lana Turner and Lex Barker

have a notice on their lawn:

"Do Not Step On The Chiro-

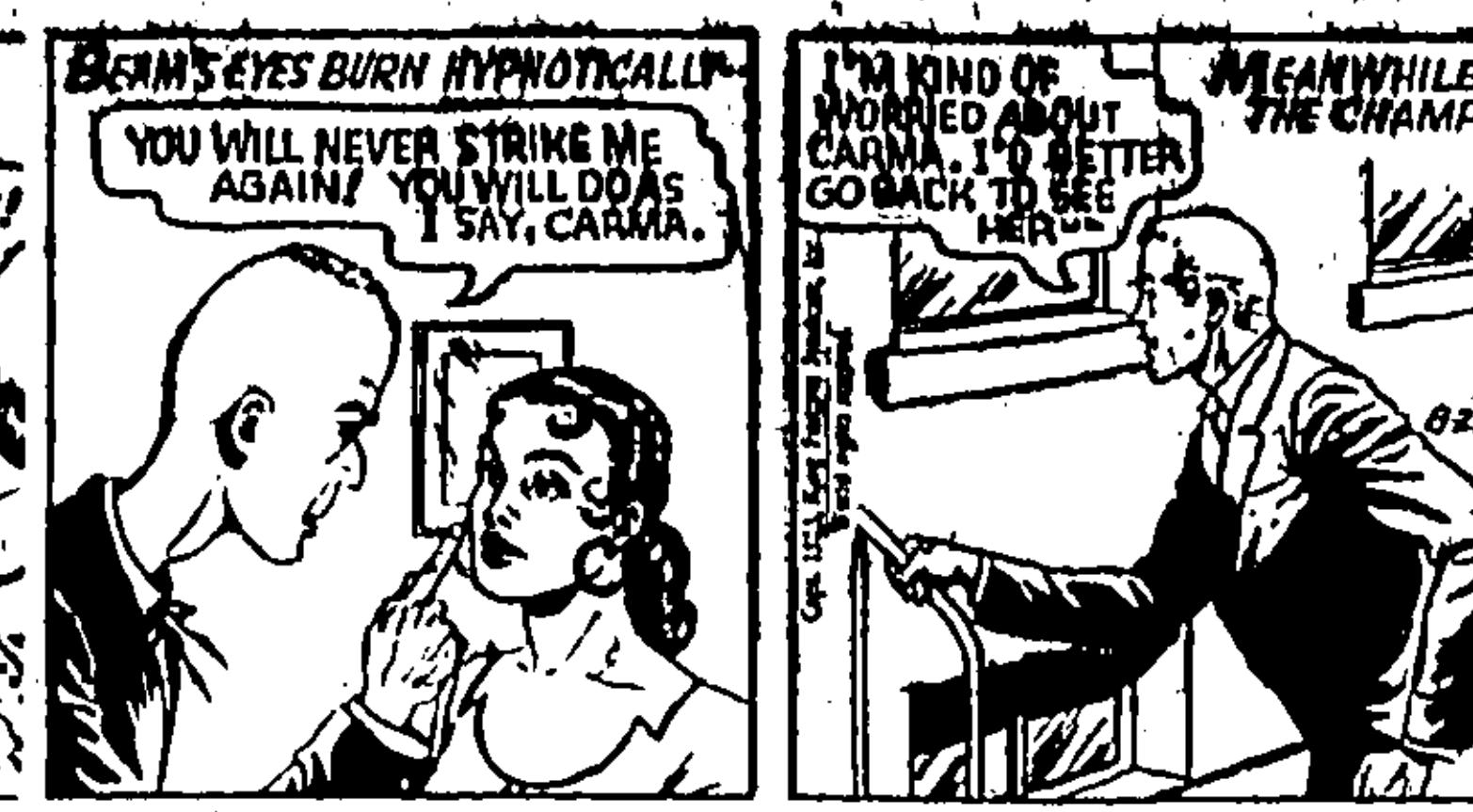
phyll".

Van Johnson, seen in an open-

ing of "The King and I", wore

a brown climber jacket, brilliant

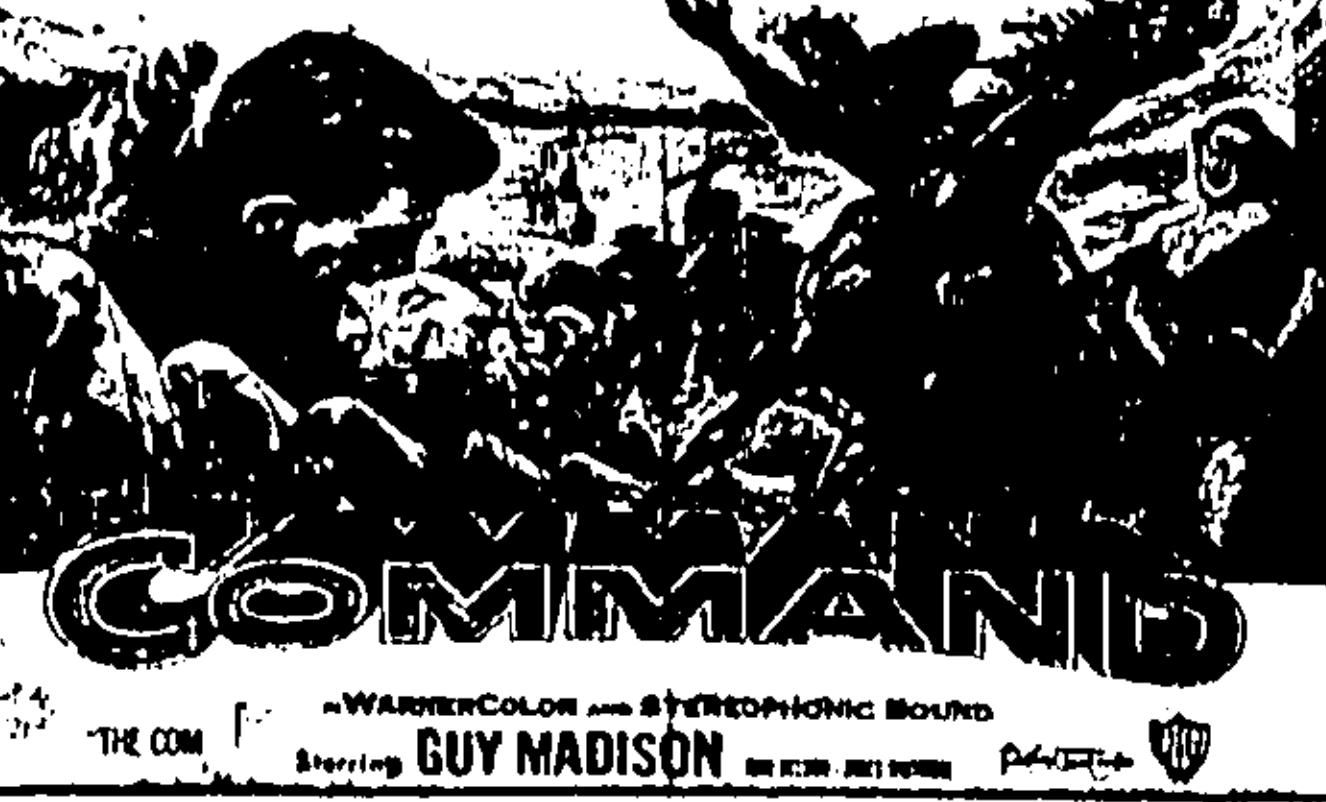
By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

SHOWING TO-DAY

**CINEMASCOPE**



QUEEN'S: — 5 SHOWS TO-MORROW — Extra Performance At 11.30 a.m.

**ROXY & BROADWAY**

SHOWING TO-DAY  
Owing to length of picture please note change of times:  
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.



ADDED ATTRACTION: Cinemascope Short Subjects "TOURNAMENT OF ROSES" In Technicolor

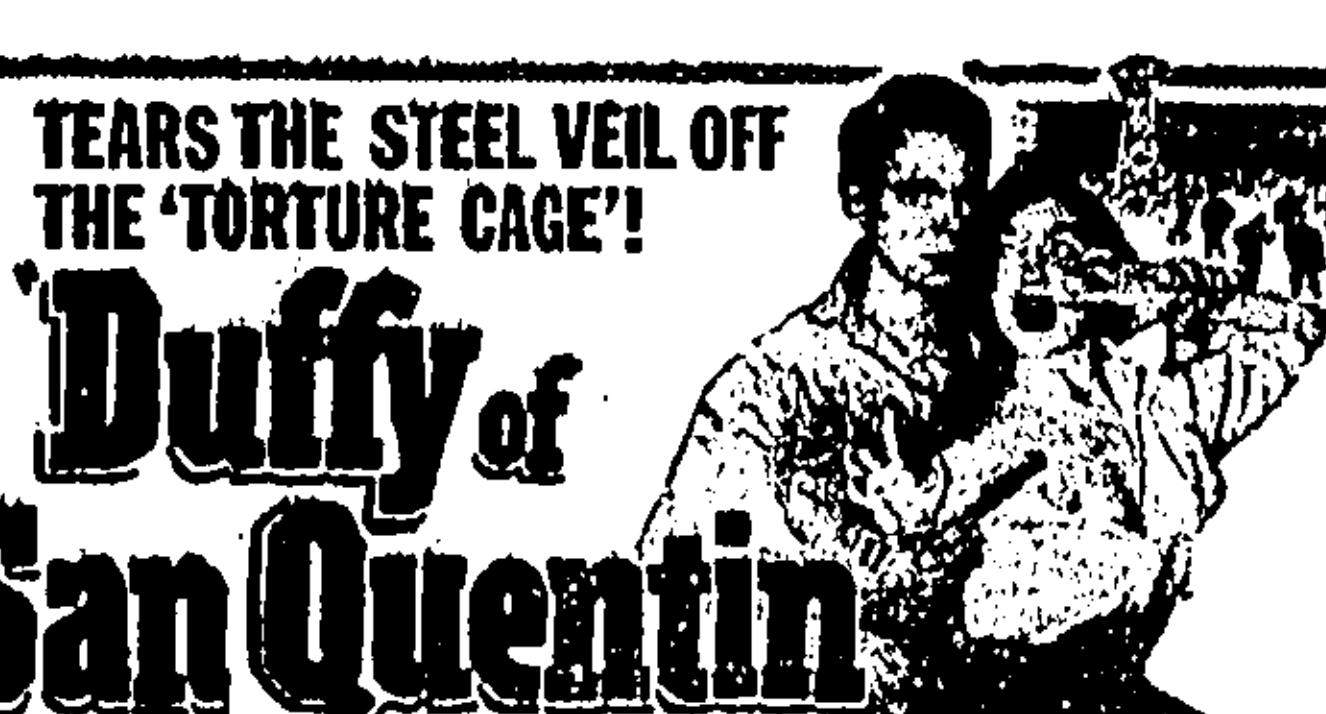
Admission At Usual Prices  
ROXY: 5 Shows To-morrow. Extra Performance At 12.00 Noon.

BROADWAY: Morning Show at 12.00 Noon  
A SELECTED PROGRAMME OF TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS  
Presented by Fox — Reduced Admission \$1.20 & 70c.

**EMPIRE**

**TO-DAY**

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



LOUIS HAYWARD · JOANNE DRU · PAUL KELLY AND MAUREEN O'HARA

TEARS THE STEEL VEIL OFF THE 'TORTURE CAGE'!

**Duffy of San Quentin**

ALSO LATEST PARAMOUNT NEWS

SHOWING TO-DAY **MAJESTIC** AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

TO-DAY MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.  
MARLON BRANDO In  
"VIVA ZAPATA!"  
At Reduced Prices: \$1.20, 70 Cts. & 40 Cts.



Also, Latest 20th Century Fox Movieland News

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.

WALT DISNEY'S

TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

## Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

# French Gourmets Are Fussy When It Comes To Restaurants

Paris.

Ask one French gourmet which is the finest restaurant in Paris and he'll tell you. Ask two, and you have a fight on your hands.

The French show admirable sang-froid (cold-blood) in discussing their morry-go-round governments, inflation, or the Indo-China war, but when it comes to food—the best food in Paris—voices and tempers rise.

"Mais Voila," they state politely, "This is a question of great interest."

## Artie Shaw Is Happy

**Las Vegas.** Artie Shaw, one of the biggest band-leaders of all time, is playing in a swank hotel here, but not for the usual fortune as a headliner in the main dining room.

Show is happily tooting his clarinet in the bar of the Sahara Hotel for kicks, he explained, instead of big money.

"I'd make more with a big band, but I'm happier this way," he said.

"Instead of playing for a dance crowd of 400 we play for a small crowd that ostensibly comes in here to hear me."

"I get a good stipend—\$5,000 a week for us five in the combo—and at least I'm playing what I want and the way I want to."

The crowd here doesn't ask for dance music. Otherwise, I'd be doing 'Begn' the Beguine' all night."

"Nobody bothers me," added the intellectual clarinetist, never known as an audience-lover. "There's a pit between me and the people."

The sight of Shaw and his "Gramercy Five" beating it out behind the bartenders has become one of the wonders of this bustling gambling community. Some nights business is so brisk you need a reservation to get into the bar.

**PLAYS UNTIL 5:30 A.M.**

He plays long after the main show with Ray Bolger closes in the dining room. Often until 5:30 a.m.

Being an old-timer he square who remembers Shaw's big band of the '30's, listened to him until the birds chirped. He plays relaxed and gay now, apparently happier after a four-year retirement during which he wrote a self-analytical book about his music and seven marriages.

Between numbers Shaw talked rapidly about his theory that big bands are dead.

"I don't see anything to mention about," he shrugged. "People like new things. We used to play happy, extrovert; now it's moody. My mind used to be limited to dances. I hated it. If people want dance music let 'em have Guy Lombardo. He's adequate. One type of music appeals to the head, the other to the feet."

"Big bands are gone. Glenn Miller wouldn't be big any more if he were alive. All this fame for Miller . . ." he said, and shook his head.—United Press.

## SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"Mom and Dad! Get ready to buy me a new formal! Eddie can borrow his uncle's chicken-truck for the prom!"

## She Brought Her Balloon Ashore



Two small girls, one carrying a balloon, disembarked with the Russian Embassy party—recalled from Canberra after the Soviet broke off diplomatic relations with Australia—from the liner New Australia at Southampton last week. This picture shows members of the party going ashore.—Reuterphoto.

## Plane Becomes A Voice In The Wilderness

Toronto.

A voice in the wilderness—that's what they call a sleek, yellow aircraft with the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests insignia stamped on it.

Next time you read about someone being found in the rugged bush of Northern Ontario, it's almost certain that a Government Beaver aircraft took part in the search.

The Department of Lands and Forests has 35 of the pontoon-equipped, six-passenger craft spotted strategically throughout the province, and now the Department has given the Beaver a voice.

While the French gourmet reluctantly agrees that the choice of "best" in Paris lies between the Grand Vefour and the Laperouse, with the Tour D'Argent, Cafe Du Paix and Maxim's as third, fourth and fifth, they will do without hesitation that the best restaurant of all France is "Les Pyramides" at Vienne, South of Lyons.

If the other restaurants rate three stars in the guide Michelin, the Gourmet's bible, one wit said "Les Pyramides" should get five stars and its owner, chef, baggy-skinned Ferdinand Point, a Marshal's baton.

But that's another delicious story.—United Press.

## Djakarta's Latest Road Hazards

Djakarta. A milestone in public transportation was passed in Djakarta recently when gas-powered botjaks (tricycles) made their appearance on the streets.

To the sentimental they meant the passing of an era, to the modern-minded progress, but to most residents of this crowded, just another traffic hazard to be endured.

Thousands of botjaks roar Djakarta streets by day and night. Sweating men and boys pedal determinedly, pushing in front of them on a wide seat loads ranging from five persons to huge cakes of ice.

Pedestrians always complained the gaily-decorated tricycles were hard to dodge. Now a few of them are harder. Their resourceful owners attached small gas motors and turned them into motor bikes.

Most residents think the only good thing about these machines is that there are so few of them.

But in the transportation field, it's the motor scooter that is fast running away with the race.

More and more of the squat little scooters show up each day. There are more power-driven bicycles and motor-cycles than scooters, but the latter are by far the most popular.

You have to wait six to nine months to buy one because of the shortage. But you can get one immediately if you pay the black market price.—United Press.

## A New Weapon For International Understanding

Ottawa.

A new weapon for international understanding is being forged in the schools of Ottawa.

The weapon takes the form of exhibits which graphically show how boys and girls in other lands live, play, work, learn, eat and so on.

It was the brain child of a far-sighted group of adults, banded together for constructive action under the name of the Ottawa Citizen's Committee on Children. These men and women first got together about seven years ago with an idea they could do things for children that schools and other organizations were not doing.

Everything they've started has been greeted with enthusiasm. First they conducted outdoor art classes for children. Then they staged plays in hospitals.

That project led to another until from the committee evolved an offshoot. It was called the Children of Other Lands' Section and is responsible for travelling exhibits shown to thousands of schoolchildren in the intermediate grades.

The section at present is headed by Mrs. D. M. Coolican, who, like her colleagues, impresses one as a person dedicated to a vision.

"Well," Mrs. Coolican told the United Press, "we believe that not nearly enough information is given to Canadian children about the children of other lands before their minds become cluttered and distorted with the bias and preconceived prejudices of so many of the adults with whom they come in contact."

How's the scheme working out? Never have children shown so much genuine enthusiasm for a classroom subject. Not only that, Mrs. Coolican said, the exhibits also "have changed completely the children's attitude towards immigrants" and the boys and girls in foreign nations.

### LATEST EXHIBIT

The latest exhibit to make the rounds of the schools happened to be about Pakistan. Its highlight was a display of 25 dolls, made by children in Pakistan and then dressed in the varied traditional and modern garb of the country. The clothes, too, were made by Pakistani children.

When the exhibit made its introductory appearance at a school, it was accompanied by a member of the Pakistan High Commissioner's staff here. His job was to give a short talk, then answer the inevitable barrage of questions from the curious Canadian children.

The exhibit was shown at the intermediate public schools, the intermediate separate schools and the French-Canadian separate schools. Like other exhibits, it was an integral part of the social studies curriculum of each class and served as the springboard from which a detailed study of the relevant country was launched.

Mrs. Coolican and her hard-working colleagues, with the blessing of parents, teachers and school boards, also used entertainments but instructive playlets to enlighten Ottawa children, to bring them the message that "foreigners" are not so different after all.

The playlets, with children cast in the principal roles, answer in easily-remembered fashion the question: a child from one country would be most apt to ask a boy or a girl from another.

—United Press.

## LATEST IRON CURTAIN JOKE

London.

A new joke behind the Iron Curtain is making the rounds. It goes like this:

First Russian: "What do you think of Malenkov?"

Second Russian: "Follow me and I'll tell you." He leads the man into a room and locks the door, then into another room, locking the door behind, and then around and sell only a few, while I go up to people and sell my buttons like hot cakes."—United Press.

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# HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



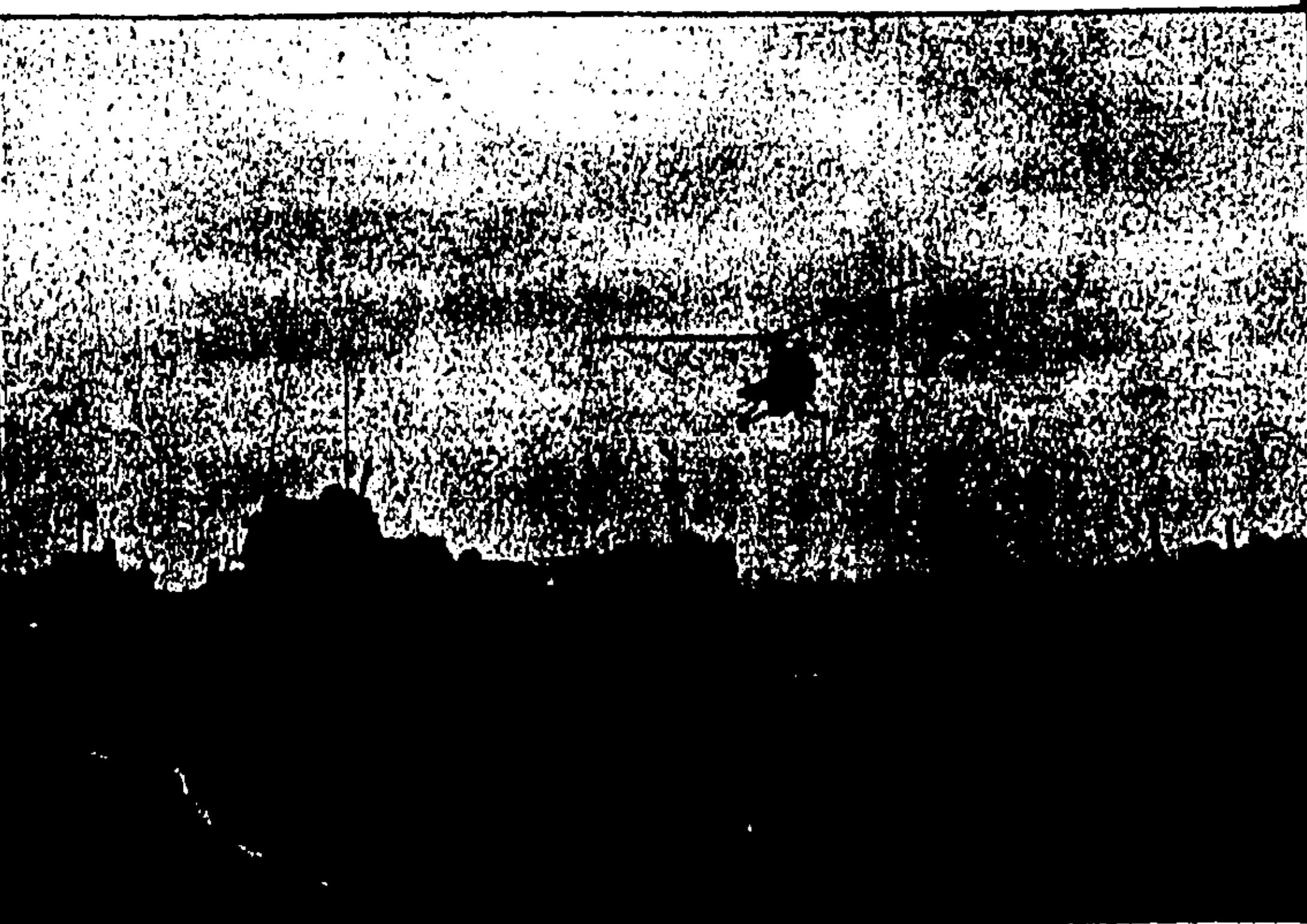
A huge crowd of 120,000 packed Wembley's vast Empire Stadium to hear Billy Graham, the American Evangelist, speak at the final meeting of his "Greater London Crusade." Billy Graham (left) is here seen with the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Geoffrey Fisher. (Express)



THE wedding at Kensington Register Office of a Chinese couple from Malaya. The bride is Miss Noeline Cera Kho, a barrister, who is 25. Her bridegroom is law student Mr Vincent Tatt Kwong Yoong, also aged 25. (Express)



THE 28-year-old Mexican toreador, Jorge Gonzalez, and his 24-year-old bride, Marie Terese, have arrived in London to spend their honeymoon. Gonzalez is acclaimed the greatest toreador in Mexico. He will not fight bulls during his honeymoon, but will look at them in Spain. (Express)



EXERCISE Runaground V at Eastney, Hants. It was an amphibious demonstration by Combined Services of the technique of beachhead assault. Tanks are seen going ashore, with the "beach master" overhead in a helicopter.



COMMISSIONER Wilfred Kitching, aged 61, who will be the new head of the Salvation Army when General Albert Osborn retires on June 30. Commissioner Kitching was born at Wood Green.



MRS ALDRICH, wife of the U.S. Ambassador to London, unveiled the bust of General Eisenhower presented to the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, by Mr George Sands, a New York businessman. The U.S. Ambassador and Field Marshal Sir John Harding, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, look it over after the ceremony.



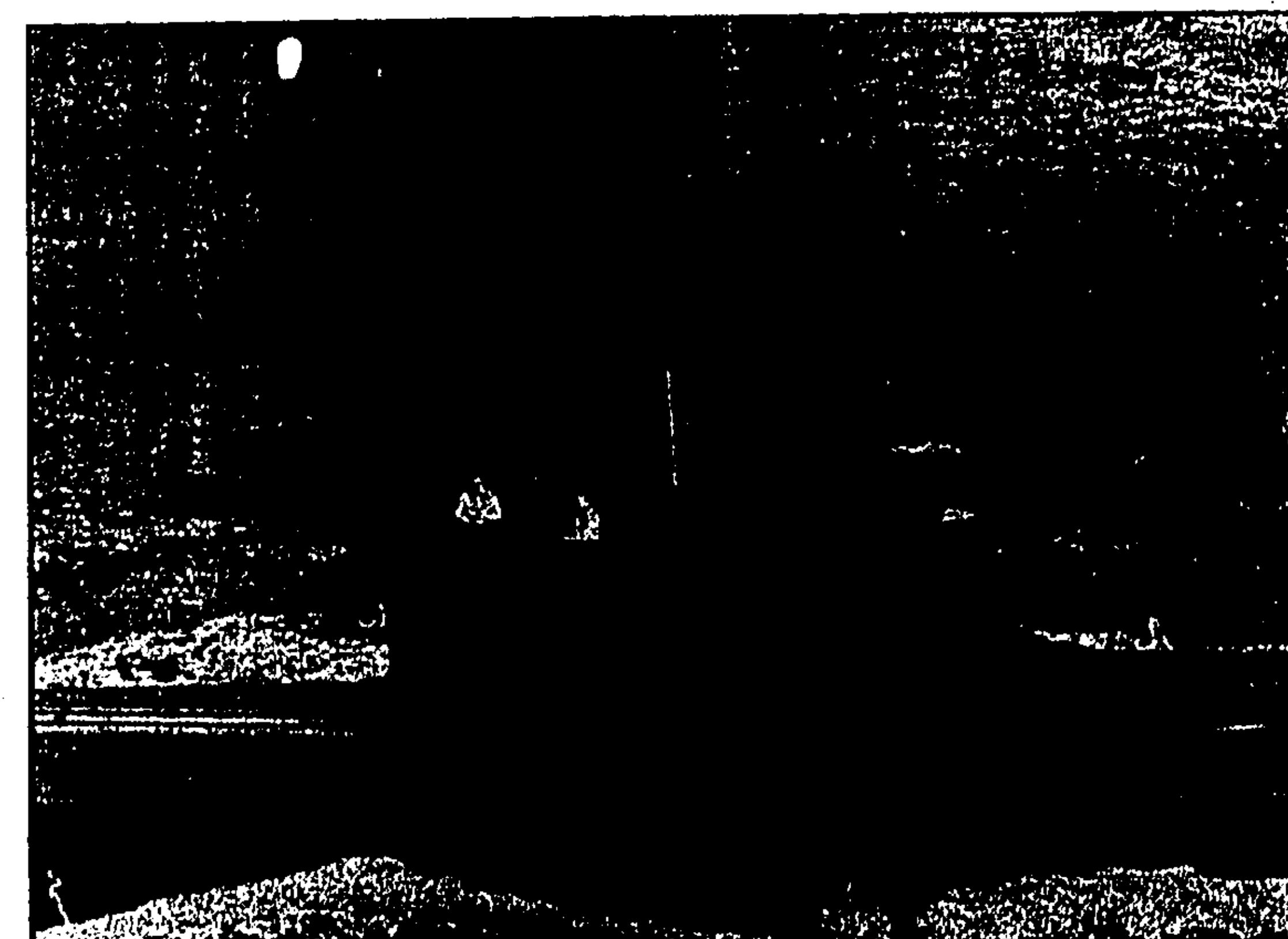
THE King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, in full dress uniform, rehearsing their famous "Drive" in London's Regent's Park, in preparation for the Royal Tournament. One of the gun carriages thundering past.



PICTURED at the Green Jacket Depot, Winchester, are the two Gurkha officers whom the Queen has appointed as her Orderly Officers for official occasions during the year. Their first public engagement will be at the Trooping the Colour ceremony. (Express).

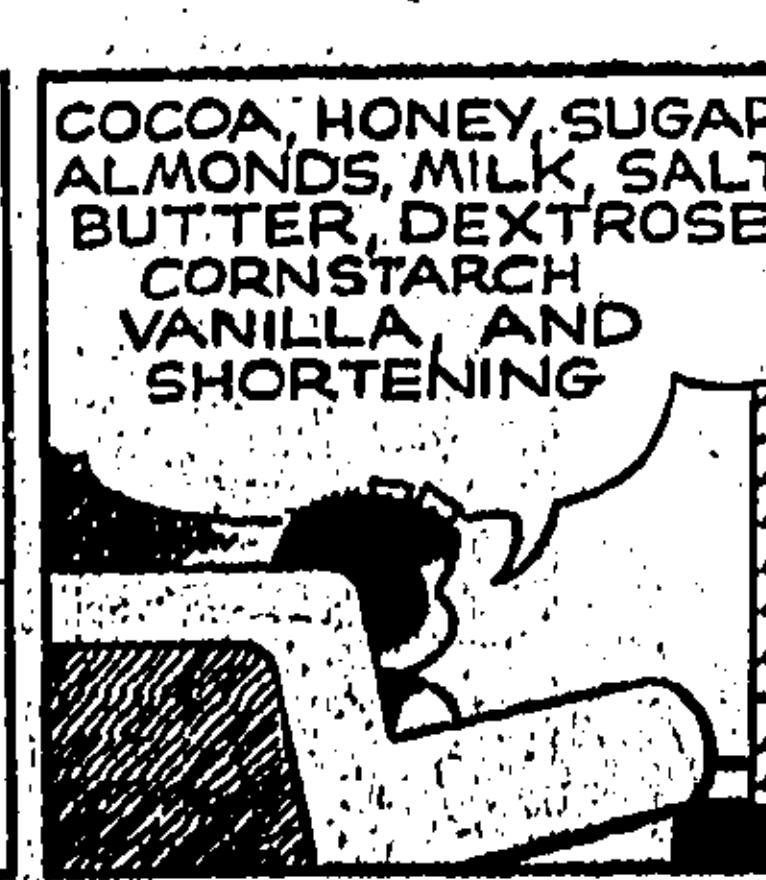


LORD DERBY ringing the 100-year-old hand bell that signalled the reopening of the Liverpool cotton futures market after a lapse of 13 years. This was the last important market to be restored to private hands since the present British Government reversed the Socialist policy of bulk purchasing. (Express)

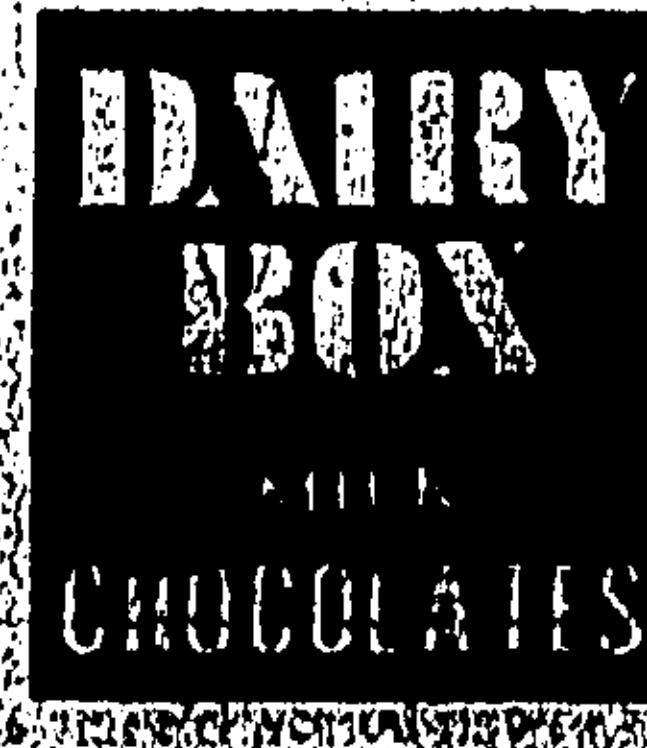


THE submarine Scorch, which during an exercise eluded two searching frigates so well in the English Channel that she caused an alarm for her safety. Fourteen warships, including the battleship Vanguard, were detailed to look for her. Some of the crew smiling in the conning tower after she surfaced. (Express)

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller



## THE JOSTLING MATCH

By LES ARMOUR

**L**ONDON. THERE is always somebody worrying about us Londoners.

Now a lady doctor is fretting over "the extremely dangerous practice of overrowing tube trains during the rush hours."

This has been going on for a long time (whether she knows it or not) but she fears that it is "getting worse and worse."

Her alarm, as Allee would have said, "gets curioser and curioser" as the protest goes on. It is not the horrid possibility of getting knocked over and cracking one's skull on the concrete that bothers her.

She is disturbed by the "great strain, both physical and psychological" which results from "stops, starts, lurches, and people being thrown against one another."

Little does she know.

### Not Londoners

It is true that, at Epping, or Ealing or Morden you can see the lump, ruglike, wrinkling being swept disdainfully out by the guard who is preparing the train for its return journey.

But these are not Londoner proper. They are the new-comers, the lost, and the bewildered.

The true Londoner is adept with the elbow. He knows just when a heel can be crunched most profitably on offending toes.

He knows just how much pressure it takes to dislodge an ill-prepared visitor from a desired spot near the doorway of an approaching carriage.

A friendly lurch upsets him not at all. He has been preparing for it. At just the right moment, he will be pitched, looking helpless, into the arms of the nearest pretty girl.

Nor is the young lady there given a horrible psychological complex. She knows that this is the special prerogative of the pretty girl in London. She would not lightly trade her place in a crowded London tube for a empty seat in a country bus.

And there is something delightfully sporting about it all. The joys of a rubber scrum are pale beside the intensity of a tube scuffle.

### There Are Rules

Contrary to the doctor's information, there are rules. Not written rules, of course. The French have signs in the Metro telling you just how to weigh the right of an expectant mother against those of an invalid pensioner. But the English have never liked written rules.

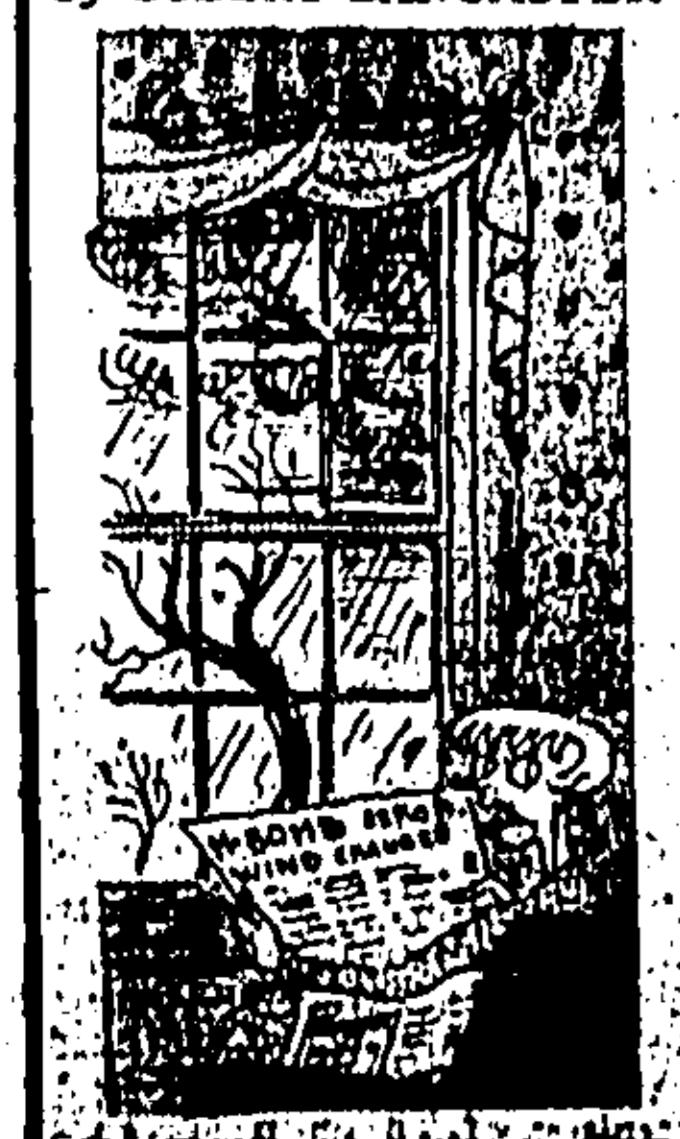
Those of the tube are subtle. First of all, no one must be killed. Dead passengers slow down the service. Nor should anyone be seriously injured. That would spoil the game.

Old ladies may be elbowed, but never kneed. It is not fair to crum a civil servant's bowler hat down over his eyes. Young ladies must not be tripped unless you are ready to catch them.

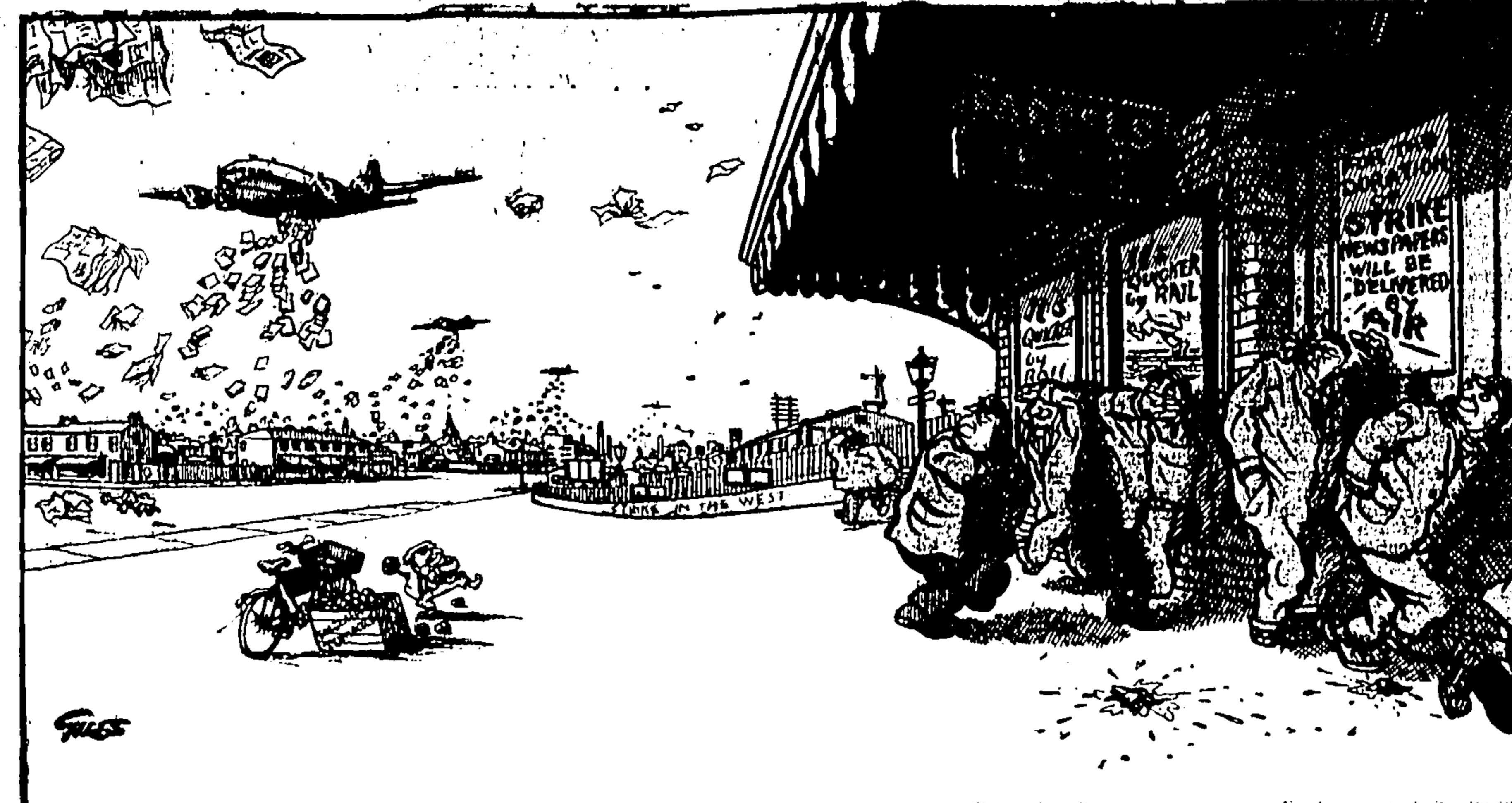
That kind of thing.

But it is all a lot of fun. The doctor should try it sometime.

### POCKET CARTOON by OSBERT LANCASTER



"I shall say I've got this book out when there's nothing else on, and I'll be back again for example, clairvoyants on the air Ministry roof!!!"



"You and your flipping rail strike—lost me me newspaper round—that's what you've done." London Express Service

## The Russians gave RENE MacCOLL a visa—and now he's in Moscow

# A CAVIAR PICNIC IS SOMETHING NEW

**F**OR the Russian people, life is still a matter of LIVING. So finds MacCOLL, one of the most travelled reporters in the world. This trip to Russia is one of his most exciting assignments, and he will be reporting what he sees in the inimitable MacColl manner.

I'M beginning—but only just beginning—to get a little used to life here in Moscow.

A girl in the Intourist Office said to me when I inquired after a French colleague, "Oh, he left tomorrow."

Which about sums things up for an unusual week in which I have ONE eaten caviar on a roadside picnic; TWO, watched strong men—such strong men—tackling five different cocktails simultaneously in Moscow's Koktel Hall—drinking them through straws, what's more;

THREE, visited at Zagorsk,

50 miles north of Moscow, the most stunningly beautiful cluster of churches and monasteries I've ever seen;

FOUR, knocked back a beer in the Kremlin, and FIVE, found myself tiptoeing

through the tomb of Lenin

and Stalin in the company of Mr Abe Moffat, heading a delegation from the Scottish Coal Miners' Union on its way to Peking.

Fantasy.

The main streets are hugely wide and kept in trim by a small army of women sweepers, wearing felt spats. There are lots of cars, nearly all of them Russian made, and as a result traffic jams are growing in Moscow.

There are characters who look as though they had obligingly stepped out of a Chekhov play just three minutes ago—fur hats, high boots, and belted, long-skirted, quilted coats.

Old ladies may be elbowed, but never kneed. It is not fair to crum a civil servant's bowler hat down over his eyes. Young ladies must not be tripped unless you are ready to catch them.

That kind of thing.

But it is all a lot of fun. The doctor should try it sometime.

### Birds Alive

**T**HIS paintings were done so realistically that the dead birds in the still lifes looked alive. In the dining-room the band played loud, clear, and on the beat, and there was dancing among the crowded tables.

Money seems plentiful, and

the restaurants do a lord office business. Young men in non-

too-well-fitting suits, and who

don't look affluent, turn up at the best hotels and proceed to order meals for themselves and their girls that would make your eyes pop.

Housing is still a tough prob-

lem, as the authorities know well. They are doing all they can to catch up, and as a result you are apt to see a modified skyscraper, destined which com-

pleted to contain workers' flats,

tearing up in the midst of

wooden shacks, all with de-

corated windows and carved cornices.

But about this Zagorsk trip,

I mounted out there last Sun-

day. The train was strictly a

cuckoo's egg, which started

with the best intentions, but

didn't keep it up.

### Fat Domes

**T**HE sun shone down on the larch and birch and spruce woods through which we passed, and on the hamlets where the chalets stood in rows behind plots of dusty garden.

Suddenly you come over the crest of a hill, and there it is,

a complex of 11 separate

churches, a cathedral, and a

monastery, so completely beau-

tiful and gay that you feel you

want to wave or cheer, or

something.

The bellringer is really in the

groove now, with some very

fancy stuff. Surely that's

Uncle Vanya over there, coming

towards us? Him, or his twin?

Time to drive up the road

now and have our caviar sandwiches in the fields.

### The Kremlin

**I** RECEIVED an invitation to the Kremlin. I accepted.

This occasion, what a meeting of the Supreme Soviet, elected only last month for a four-year term.

From all over the vast Union

of Soviet Socialist Republics,

there were 1,300 members of Parliament

and 1,000 members of the

Regional Executive Councils.

A member of the Moscow

Regional Executive Council had

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## CHAPTER FIVE

PERSONAL STORY  
OF EX-KING PETER  
OF YUGOSLAVIA

FOR my Russian dancing teacher the waltz was everything, and her teaching — involving such niceties as the distance at which one should dance from one's partner, the exact positioning of hands and arms — was detailed and dull.

Occasionally she showed a little temperament, when she would work rather ineffectually from incorrect Serbian—with a strong Russian accent, to Russian proper. In spite of her efforts, I have never danced well.

The first few lessons were distasteful to me, but very soon I began to enjoy these meetings very much, and after the organised dancing was over we used to sit around and play the records over and over again, while getting our breath back.

As I had not been in such close contact with girls of my own age until then, I fell platonically in love with all of them in turn.

Mr Parrot decided to leave us, which made me sad. He had

made many friends in Belgrade and was immensely popular.

He was a fine linguist and spoke Serbian fluently, Norwegian tolerably well, and had also begun to learn Russian, because he had many White Russian friends.

He was keenly concerned with the political problems of Yugoslavia, and we often talked them over during breakfast and dinner, and it was then that he put forward his point of view to me.

He felt that there would soon be a definite crisis and that the Serbo-Croat problem would become so acute as to threaten the unity of Yugoslavia. He also held that the Government policy of appeasement towards the Axis powers would prove disastrous.

I AGREED with him wholeheartedly on many points, though I objected against all the blame being put on our administration, since we were, after all, following the example set by Chamberlain and DeGaulle.

I had always admired Mr Parrot but I was growing older and did not like to ask permission for everything I did. He used to accuse me of having an inferiority complex but I think

that our system had become very old-fashioned and that the

it was mostly due to his presence. He would not realise that I was not a child any more but a youth with my own ideas.

When Mr Parrot left, the feeling of freedom with my tutor, Governor Kremenski Zivanovic, whom I could easily twist around my little finger, as my only control, was intoxicating. I studied as hard as before but managed to give more time to sport; there were now three football games a week instead of one and I also went to the tennis court more often.

My mother, brothers and cousins came back from England in March for the Easter holidays. Unfortunately only my mother remained in Belgrade while the others returned to England after a few days, accompanied by Mr Parrot and Mrs Creswell, an old school friend of my mother.

As the tension of the political situation was growing because of the Italian-Albanian affair, the Yugoslav army mobilised under immediate threat of war.

This mobilisation took three days and was the last successful one we had, as the whole people, Serbs, Croats, and Slovenians, at that moment felt a common interest in defending their frontiers against Mussolini aggression.

On the other hand we found

that our system had become very

old-fashioned and that the

mobilisation centres were situated much too far away from the population, being for the most part in out-of-the-way places.

This completely upset the whole of our rail and road transport system, since all communications were obstructed by masses of men travelling from one part of the country to another in search of their particular mobilisation centre.

And this at a time when all railroads and highways should have been left open for the transport of material and the already mobilised troops.



We spent some time trying out the caravan for later trips, living as if we were camping and fetching our supplies from the market. We attempted to discover all its faults and to put them right.

When all the gadgets to make life as comfortable as possible were finally installed, the springs could not support the weight when the jacks were taken off. So we had the springs replaced by stronger ones.

It also confirmed my view that the Army should be organised on a territorial system. Though these many faults in our system were blatantly obvious, nothing was done to avoid them in future.

My mother and I decided to leave Belgrade and to go to Topola with two friends and mine.

Mother had brought two caravans from England. One was attached to a Lincoln Zephyr and the other to a Ford delivery van. The caravans proved too heavy, however.

I had increased the weight of my caravan by a number of new installations, including a big water tank under the convertible bed which with an electric pump, allowed us running water, and also a dynamo and motor making a lighting plant from which I could run my radiogram and cinema projector.

As it happened it was perhaps better that way. The Italians beat us thoroughly — they won 6-0. We reached Belgrade feeling depressed at having lost the very match which would have put us into the world football finals, for we had recently had victories over the British team, the Argentine team, and the Hungarians — who, incidentally, later beat the Italians.

They both said how very dangerous it was to take such a small boat at such high speed on such a long trip, and the captain was told he should never have run the M.T.B. at maximum speed strictly reserved for the purposes of war.

After the soup I went to pull them up and there were five fish caught already.

The same thing happened after the fish course, the entree, the fruit, and the sweet and by the time coffee had been served Robin and I had decided that it was a most profitable proposition.

I even succeeded in catching some by just putting little pieces of paper on the hook, and finally without putting anything on it at all. We filled five baskets and a big wash basin, and took our catch to the Swiss chef who had come with us on the trip.

They both said how very dangerous it was to take such a small boat at such high speed on such a long trip, and the captain was told he should never have run the M.T.B. at maximum speed strictly reserved for the purposes of war.

It was about this time that my mother invited an old English friend of hers, Grant Sturges, and his son Robin, who was about 18 years old, to stay with her. Other guests were a lady called "Poots" and her son Alan.

He asked me helplessly what he was supposed to do with so much fish, for even if we and the crew were to eat fish at every meal, we could never use them all.

"So I told him to give what he did not need to the fishermen when he went to market, which he did."

Next morning we were taken on a conducted tour of the town of Korcula and the big shipbuilding yards on the island. On my 13th birthday they presented me with a beautiful mahogany gig.

Next morning we set sail for the nearby island of Mljet.

After another fish dinner we set sail that evening for Kotor. Next morning I took everyone round the bay in motor-boat and showed them the sights.

This trip along the beautiful Dalmatian coast is one of my most delightful recollections.

After our guests had left I resumed my naval training for a few weeks. It was this training that Durmutor, on which I found myself, and a sister ship called the Velebit were doing torpedo practice during a bad storm.

I was at my post in the engine room when I was called to join a working party who loaded one of the torpedo tubes.

We made a very gay party and had a wonderful time swimming, boating, fishing, with outdoor movies every evening. A few days after our guests arrived it was decided that we should all go on a yachting trip in my mother's converted Trabakula.

From the outside this seemed exactly like any other fishing boat with its big red sails and its very noisy two-stroke diesel engine.

But the resemblance to fishing craft in general ended there. Below decks it was most luxuriously fitted out with small cabins and a complete bathroom.

All the younger people in our party, together with my Uncle Friedrich, went aboard the next evening and we slowly made for Dubrovnik during the night.

We were received there next morning by the mayor and a lot of officials, and were shown round the beautiful sights of this historic walled city. I had been there before quite often.

Uncle Friedrich is a keen photographer, and he took many pictures in colour, and of the sights and monuments of the ancient Republic of Ragusa, the history of which has been so closely linked to that of its great rival, the Republic of Venice, down the centuries.

It took them about 20 minutes to find me in the waves and rain, and three times they passed by me quite close without seeing me.

Luckily, the water was warm and I had stripped so I just floated until they at last found me and took me aboard.

This experience did nothing to change my love for the Navy.

Very shortly after it I joined in a full fleet manoeuvre on board our super-destroyer Dubrovnik. I slept in the cabin where my father had spent his last night before reaching Marselles, and I saw the plaque on the quarter-deck marking where his coffin had lain on his last journey back to Split.

This put my father much in my mind, and the terrible circumstances of his death.

NEXT SATURDAY: Italy invades Greece . . . the call to Berchtesgaden . . . Message for action

## CHAPTER FIVE

## THREAT OF WAR: YUGOSLAV ARMY MOBILISES'

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During the first month in Mljet I continued my naval and seamanship training, mostly aboard the M.T.B. Durmutor, which was a very old vessel and continually let water in so that the pump always had to be in action.

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As soon as Welch had broken the clinch, Jess rushed again, forcing Johnson into Willard's corner, where the finish came. Johnson was slow in darting, and his strong, youthful opponent hooked swinging left to the body.

"The fading champion's legs quivered and again the towering giant feinted for the body. Johnson dropped his guard and Willard won the title with a quick, hard swing to the exact point of the jaw.

"Johnson's knees folded up under him and he sank slowly to the floor and rolled over on his back, partly under the ropes.

"Welch waved Willard back and began to count. Up and down swung the referee's hand, but Johnson never moved, his eyes were glassy, only the whites being visible."

**I LAY DOWN'** That seems factual enough. But read Johnson's account of the final round that hot April afternoon in Havana. He wrote:

"I lay down to Willard. The arrangement was that my wife was to signal me from the ring side when the promoters had paid her my purse money, and then I was to go down and stay down for the count.

"Every round I watched for the signal, but none came, and I kept right on fighting. If they were going to double-cross me, I was going to cap it by knocking out Willard. Finally the money was handed over to my wife in the 20th round, and in that round I went down, with my hands over my head to protect my eyes from the glaring sun."

Tom Flanagan, the Canadian athlete who trained Johnson for the fight, told us later how false "Johnson's eyes were bleeding, and his body quivering with pain under Willard's methodical jabbing."

Painfully, Johnson waved to his wife, and, after 25 rounds, said to his seconds: "Take the ill guy away. I don't want her to see me knocked out."

We shall probably never know the truth of round 20, but I offer first a ringside report:

"Johnson rose slowly from his chair and Willard met him more than two-thirds of the way across the ring. Willard stood a long left in Johnson's face, sending his head bobbing back. Before the champion could recover his position, Willard swung a smashing right, which landed full on Johnson's stomach. Johnson was swung against the ropes by the force of the blow and he clinched on the rebound.

Richard J. Klegin, the backstage promoter behind Curley, retired from the scene broke and finished up fleeing from Cuba as a stowaway in a coal bunker. Nice people.

Willard, six years Johnson's junior, was no fake cowboy. His giant frame—6ft, 6in., fighting weight 18st.—had been built up by boyhood riding with redskins, and, later, by a job as a plainsman.

He did no boxing till he was 28, and at heart, was much too amiable for pugilism — despite the scaring tales his ebullient manager, Tom Jones, built up around him.

Any real "devil," he might have possessed had been knocked out of him by his arrest and exoneration on a manslaughter charge after the death of one of his opponents, Bill Young, whom he had knocked unconscious in California two years before he fought Johnson.

The only thing Willard had in common with Johnson was that they both had fought Victor

McLaglen, later to become famous in films, in the clinch, Jess rushed again, forcing Johnson into Willard's corner, where the finish came. Johnson was slow in darting, and his strong, youthful opponent hooked swinging left to the body.

"Johnson's knees folded up under him and he sank slowly to the floor and rolled over on his back, partly under the ropes.

"Welch waved Willard back and began to count. Up and down swung the referee's hand, but Johnson never moved, his eyes were glassy, only the whites being visible."

**I LAY DOWN'** That seems factual enough. But read Johnson's account of the final round that hot April afternoon in Havana. He wrote:

"I lay down to Willard. The arrangement was that my wife was to signal me from the ring side when the promoters had paid her my purse money, and then I was to go down and stay down for the count.

"Every round I watched for the signal, but none came, and I kept right on fighting. If they were going to double-cross me, I was going to cap it by knocking out Willard. Finally the money was handed over to my wife in the 20th round, and in that round I went down, with my hands over my head to protect my eyes from the glaring sun."

Tom Flanagan, the Canadian athlete who trained Johnson for the fight, told us later how false "Johnson's eyes were bleeding, and his body quivering with pain under Willard's methodical jabbing."

Painfully, Johnson waved to his wife, and, after 25 rounds, said to his seconds: "Take the ill guy away. I don't want her to see me knocked out."

We shall probably never know the truth of round 20, but I offer first a ringside report:

"Johnson rose slowly from his chair and Willard met him more than two-thirds of the way across the ring. Willard stood a long left in Johnson's face, sending his head bobbing back. Before the champion could recover his position, Willard swung a smashing right, which landed full on Johnson's stomach. Johnson was swung against the ropes by the force of the blow and he clinched on the rebound.

Richard J. Klegin, the backstage promoter behind Curley, retired from the scene broke and finished up fleeing from Cuba as a stowaway in a coal bunker. Nice people.

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# You might as well try to tame a cougar\*

LORD BEAVERBROOK was 75 last week.

To the staff of the Daily Express, London, of which he is the controlling shareholder, he is "The Old Man." To the world outside he is the controversial figure in public life who has devoted himself to the cause of the British Empire.

In his campaigns, crusades, and controversies he has countless enemies and many friends.

In this birthday article, A. J. CUMMINGS, the distinguished political editor of the News Chronicle, discusses with the detachment of a Liberal commentator the personality of Lord Beaverbrook.

by A. J. CUMMINGS

ON Lord Beaverbrook's seventieth birthday a goodly company of journalists gathered at the Savoy Hotel to do him honour. On that occasion, I well remember, he said all men should bear in mind that every year after 70 is a bonus from the Almighty.

May 25 was his 75th birthday. His countless friends in all walks of life rejoice to know that the Almighty's bounty continues and that one of the most remarkable and fascinating figures in the British Empire is with us as vitally on the spot as ever.

For Beaverbrook, besides being a long-standing personal friend, is a cunning and inflexible political opponent with whom one has crossed swords again and again.

He is a swashbuckler, almost exasperatingly good-humoured in rare sharpless encounters. He rarely makes the proper riposte, and he doesn't beat mullah, which gives him an unfair advantage.

Let me say at once without any beating about the bush, that I have always intensely disliked and distrusted many of Beaverbrook's policies, and shall continue on appropriate occasions to attack them in my own "Spotlight" column and elsewhere.

## HIS million

THEY are gapdash, irresponsible, and in one important sense I regard them as harmful to the nation.

His relentless plan to insulate the trade of Britain has coloured and bedevilled much of his politics. It has enfeebled his very considerable influence in public affairs. I see no intelligent future in an imprisoned Beaverbrook world.

As a newspaper man myself, I think of him first as a great newspaper personality. He has dominated Fleet Street for as long as I can recall.

PARIS NEWSLETTER BY SAM WHITE

## MR COWARD PLAYS PEACE-MAKER

PARIS. A SKILLED piece of diplomacy has just been accomplished by Mr Noel Coward. His feat: he has reconciled the Duchess of Windsor and party-thower Elsa Maxwell after a year-old quarrel.

Just as the origins of the quarrel remain undisclosed so are the terms of settlement.

All that is known is that Mr Coward was the peace-maker.

Mrs Maxwell has just written her memoirs under the title, "RSVP." Has she altered the manuscript in the light of her reconciliation with the Duchess? Mrs Maxwell denies this.

### Embarrassed

MOST Frenchmen feel acutely embarrassed at the French Government's treatment of the Russian ballet.

"I have not changed a word," she says. "I devote a little less

the loss of his devoted friendship with Rudyard Kipling, that rigid but picturesque Imperialist, who never forgave him for supporting the postwar agreement over Ireland—in Kipling's bitter view a gross betrayal of a sacred cause.

Those people who imagine that Beaverbrook is a "Jingo" Imperialist of the old school are utterly at fault.

He is a genuine and determined peace-monger. He hates Fascism in all its forms. He would have no truck with Mosley. He did not favour the Franco insurrection.

He looked upon Hitler as a dangerous upstart. But he thought, like so many other deluded wishful thinkers, that Chamberlain could bring off a cheap and peaceful bargain.

Communism he detests as a deadly evil. Yet he is consistently non-provocative to the Russians.

In this birthday article, A. J. CUMMINGS, the distinguished political editor of the News Chronicle, discusses with the detachment of a Liberal commentator the personality of Lord Beaverbrook.

### HIS courage

WHEN war came all his patriotic instincts were at once aroused. Churchill chose well when he made him Minister of Aircraft Production.

In the critical weeks after Dunkirk his restless energy was harnessed to one overriding purpose. He transformed scores of business minds into little dynamos. He did more, perhaps, than any other human being to enable "the few," among them his own gallant son, to win the Battle of Britain—by a hair's breadth.

He was ill at the time with a severe form of asthma and a disconcerting eye affection. But he allowed nothing to distract or daunt him.

Once in his office I saw a hospital nurse dropping some salve into his eyes and a doctor spraying his throat while in gasps he dictated briskus messages to three tense secretaries.

It was like a scene from Hollywood, but closer to reality.

Stalin trusted him because, later in the war, English tanks and guns were always on time.

I think he rather liked Stalin.

### HIS friend

HE is, as everybody knows, an intimate friend of the Prime Minister. You may have noticed that his papers, though they often lambast Churchill's Government, never directly attack Churchill himself.

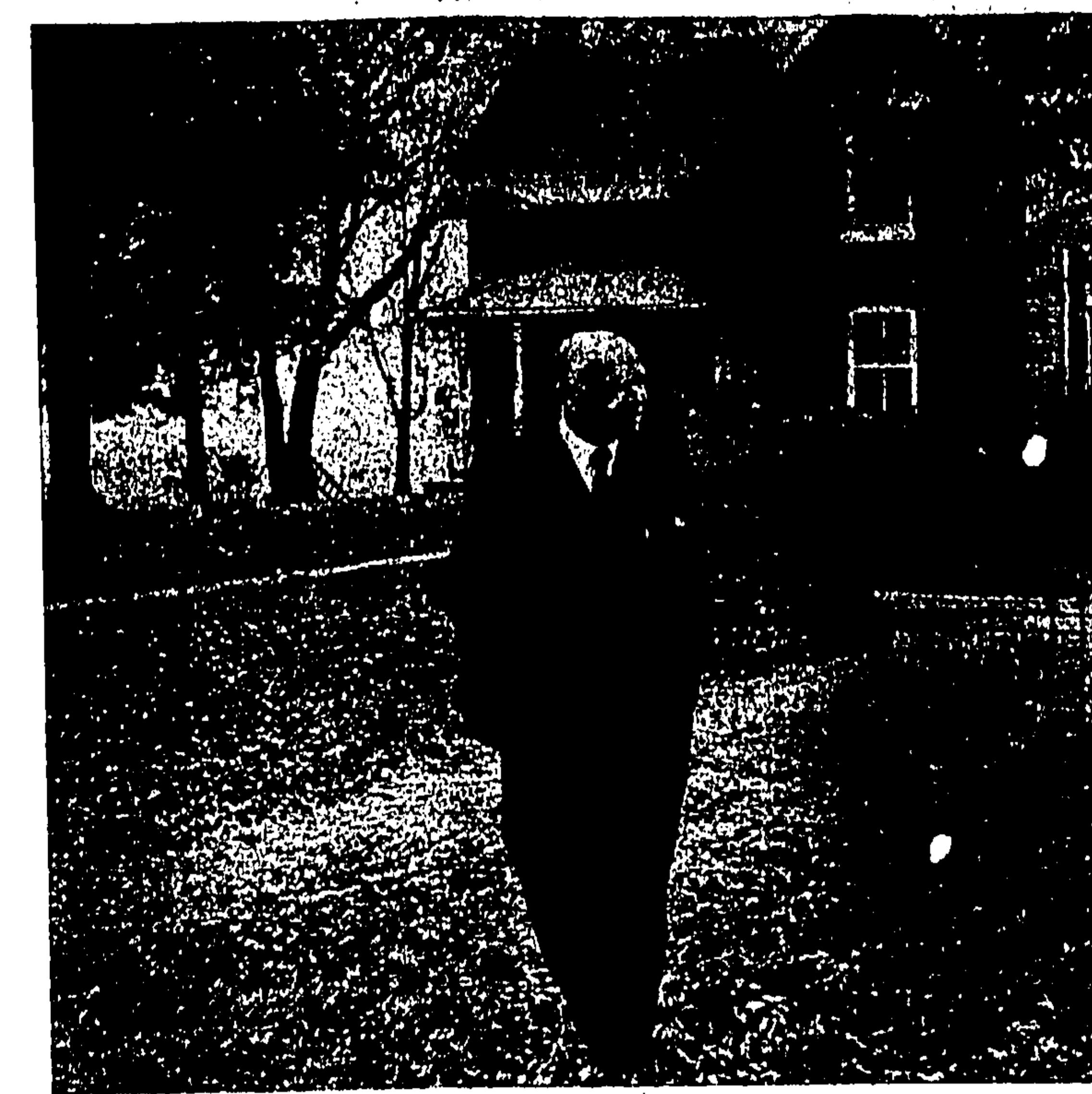
He tried to stampede the Tories into what he termed Empire Free Trade. But Baldwin was too astute for him, and the party machine too powerful.

Yet it was a prominent Labour member of Parliament who said recently to me: "Beaverbrook has done more than any man in my time to make me aware of the vast possibilities of Empire development."

Beaverbrook is not content with that and is cynically distrustful of the vague imperialist perorations of party associates who hope to appease him with a phrase.

The Empire Crusader still crouches, a melancholy figure in thick blood-red chains, on the front page of the Daily Express, awaiting a fabulous deliverance.

I hope it is not breaking a confidence to say that one of the great sorrows of his life was



This picture of Lord Beaverbrook was taken last autumn in front of the house at Maple, in the province of Ontario, Canada, where he was born.

too violent a hurry, too capricious, too apt often to fly off at a tangent.

Closely as he was to the underworld in the war, English tanks and guns were always on time.

He recognises instantly a social humbug when he meets one; as a self-made man, he is instinctively antipathetic to a new swiftly vanishing British aristocracy, though he freely混miles with it.

He believes in high wages as a principle always to be pursued and looks with a suspicious eye at all, or nearly all, professional economists.

What may happen between the two men when they meet in private is their affair. It is said that Churchill can always talk him down because the P.M. never listens.

A loyal and trusted adviser he was too of Bonar Law. His human loyalties, not only to V.I.P.s, are very real, very dependable, and most endearing.

A Tory? Yes, but what an errant and unpredictable one, not to be neatly fitted into any safe category. The Tories represent this. But they might as well try to tame a cougar.

He is a much better and bolder democrat than many people who are always spouting the democratic formula. He is often irritably impatient, in

one for too respectful homage to material success. No doubt, if you challenged him, he could quote in his own favour scores of texts from the Old Testament which he savours as an ardent connoisseur.

I see he has just published a book in which he repeats his familiar recipe for success in capital letters.

One might say that he pays

for too respectful homage to material success. No doubt, if you challenged him, he could quote in his own favour scores of texts from the Old Testament which he savours as an ardent connoisseur.

MANY years ago, relating to me the story of his life (or as much of it as he thought I ought to know), he told me that he had no patience with our narrow public school cliches about strictly obeying the umpire's decision.

Others may be able to sum up this many-sided man more ably than I can—his mercurial generosity, the daring of a superb independence of mind, that inquisitiveness of the born newspaper man who, with a bedside telephone in his hand, preferably just before the approach of dawn, transmits world-ranging instructions to his badgered staff with the speed of light.

### HIS disputes

IN 1783, the great watchmaker Abraham Louis Breguet was commissioned to make the finest watch the world had ever seen, for his Queen, Marie Antoinette.

He worked nearly twenty years to complete this project. But long before he could finish, the beautiful Marie Antoinette had met her fate at the guillotine.

Such is the story of this labour of love for a gracious Queen, who was destined never to see its completion.

Today, conditions demand a more practical approach. While we still demand beauty and

**THE MOUNTAIN LION OF NORTH AMERICA**

TO a man with a discerning palate, whisky is not merely Scotch. He looks for the finer points and names his preference... White Horse. Every drop is perfected and matured until it is as fine a whisky as ever came out of Scotland. All good things have a name; in Scotch the name is White Horse.

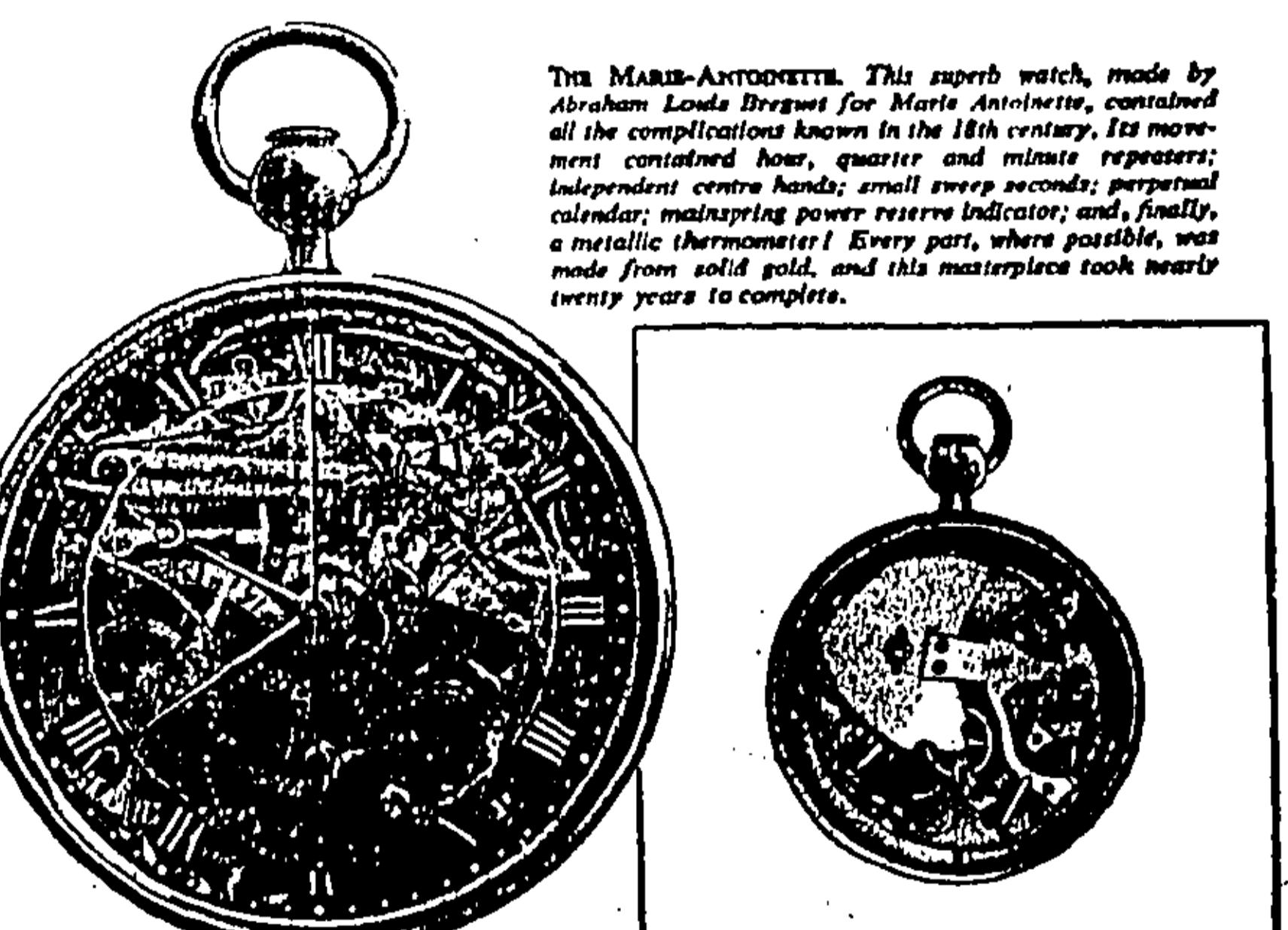
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## Made to order— for an ill-fated Queen



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**ROLEX**  
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The Rolex Oyster Perpetual is a timepiece that has been successfully tested by the Swiss Government Testing Station.

In its 20th century, the Rolex Oyster Perpetual serves as an eloquent reminder that the days of patient craftsmanship and infinite skill are not just a thing of the past.

Every Rolex Oyster Perpetual is officially certified by the Swiss Government Testing Station.

Today, conditions demand a more practical approach. While we still demand beauty and

### Report on perfume

ATRESS Anne Deauvau, one of the stars of the Comédie-Française, gave me the following report of the perfume situation in Russia:

"Since Stalin died everything has changed. Up to last year perfumes had to conform to the party line and even now you still find some called Stalino-Youth or Stalin's Breath."

"Now things are changing. Alongside names like Red October, you find Null Blanche and Spring Idol."

"I wouldn't be surprised if next year the Russians have caught up and have perfumes called Sosnou's or Folio d'Amour."

The wine buyer .....

WHEN the famous Paris restaurant, La Rotonde, closed down there was a mystery buyer

at the auction of its famous salon.

She was an elderly woman, who, to the annoyance of the professional wine buyers, kept putting up the price of many of the wines sold. She doubled their value.

When the auction closed she had bought £4,000 worth of wine.

She approached the auctioneer, M. Dupin, and told him: "I am sorry I have no money. Can you keep it for me for two hours?"

Within only minutes of the two hours to go, she was back and paid in cash.

Who is she? M. Dupin won't tell except to say: "She was an old customer of the restaurant, that is why we trusted her."

Quote .....

ACADEMICIAN Fernand

GREGU: "I don't know what their daughters know, that worries their mothers. It's the way they learnt it."

Embarassed .....

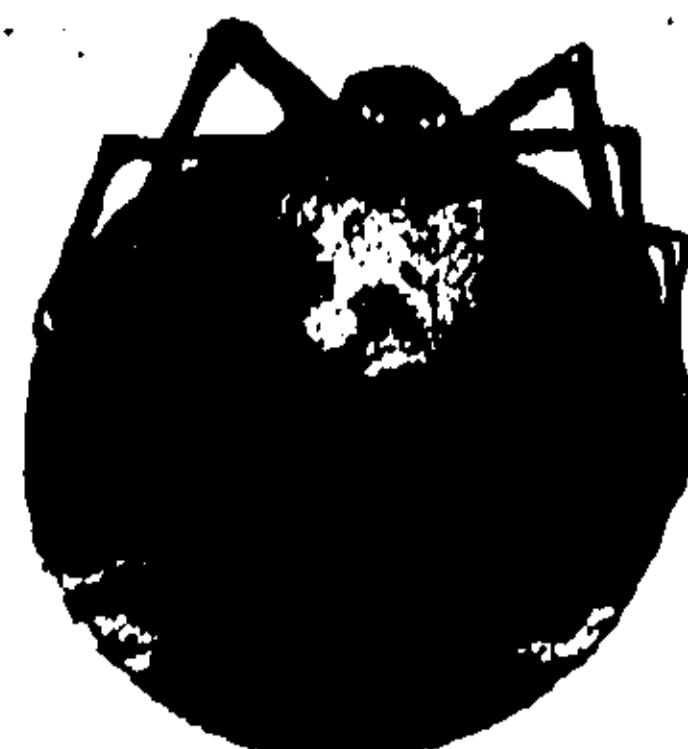
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embarrassed at the French

Government's treatment of the

Russian ballet.

"I have not changed a word," she says. "I devote a little less



These Cloak-and-Dagger days . . . an Up-to-Date Analysis of the Era of Espionage in which we all live . . .

by

IAN  
COLVIN

# The Web Around Us

## I WANT TO TELL YOU THE ASTONISHING STORY OF THE 'BIG FISH' WE LOST

**T**HE fact that faces anyone setting out to prepare a report on modern espionage is that there is nothing—absolutely nothing—so fantastic that it could not happen in this web which surrounds us.

It is easy, I know, to smile and to talk about Sax Rohmer and Sonja, The Beautiful Spy, but the truth is:

Today men DO meet quietly in a park—and as a result the whole technological researches of another country take a great leap forward.

Today men DO regard assassination as a routine instrument of policy and as a consequence Government departments experiment with small and silent lethal weapons.

Today men DO live in a world of codes, and signals—and as a consequence secrets change hands which are prized beyond measurement by money.

### The prize

INDEED, the overpowering new factor in world espionage is that never in history have the prizes been nearly so large; never has one successful act of espionage been able to give such staggering results.

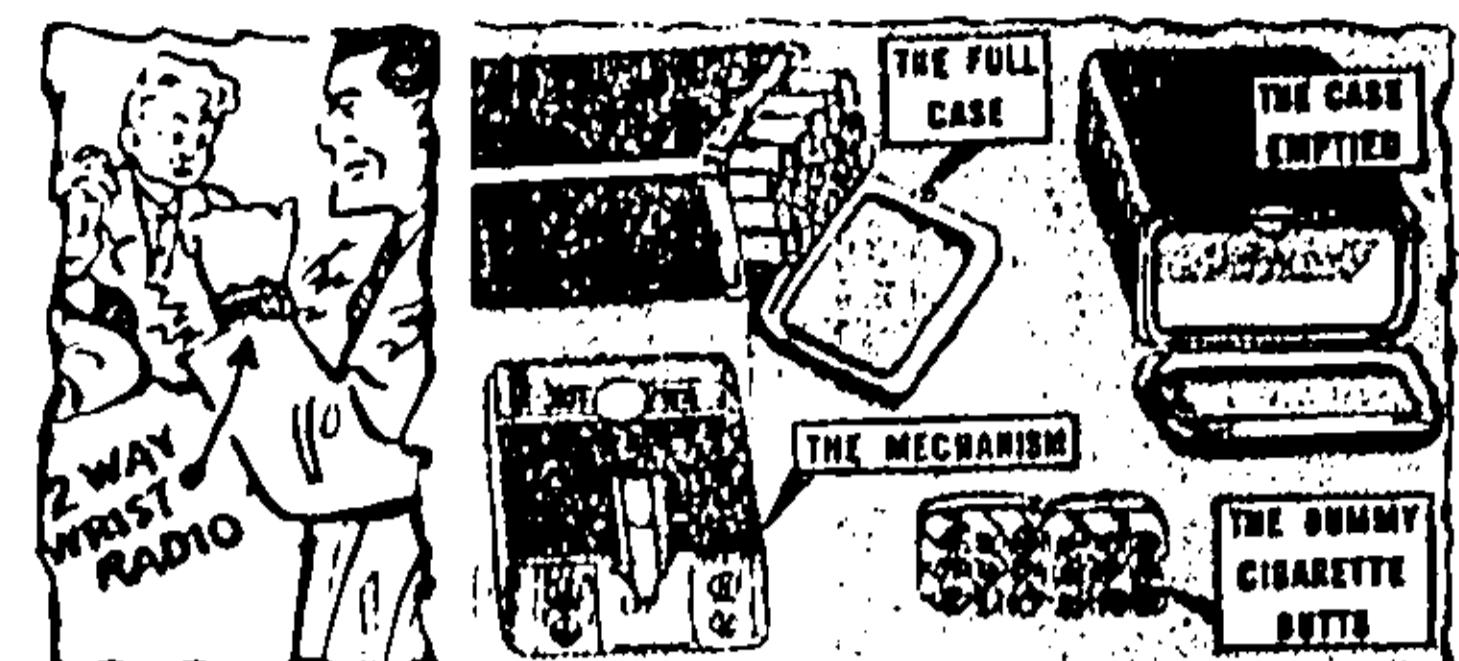
Compared with wartime spying in the struggle with Germany, what is going on now is much more desperate. Your own street, the factory you work in, the pub at the corner, the post office—no place is too humdrum to be the centre of conspiracy.

There may be a dozen men in London now whose cloak is simply their normal behaviour, whose dagger a valuable piece of data scribbled on a screwed up piece of paper and passed to a stranger at a street corner.

I suppose that the now-imprisoned Fuchs still stands out as the man who, more than any one spy in history, decisively helped to alter the balance of power by guiding Russian minds towards the secret of atomic power.

None the less, the point I am making is how difficult it is to weigh with any precision the true consequences of even one success—or one mistake.

I want to tell you now the astonishing story of a man I



### It's a Dick Tracy world

When strip cartoon detective Dick Tracy used his famous two-way wrist radio set, even his most fervent fans were sceptical.

If he had used a lethal cigarette case, with silent cyanide-carrying bullets, they would also have been sceptical.

But it was revealed recently in the Kholikov case that the Russians had perfected just such a gun . . .

How it works—

First the lid is opened, in effect throwing the safety catch. Then the victim is offered a cigarette, the side of the case is pressed, and out comes a bullet through one of the neatly packed dummy cigarettes.

The "gun" is operated electrically, and the bullets are instantaneous death.

It is a matter of seconds for the gun to be loaded.

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# WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

## LATEST FASHION FAD



Quickest ever progress from Dior to chain store has been made by the new bead necklaces. And so the fashion you see in this John French picture, that was once the favourite of governesses and schoolmistresses, becomes the newest favourite of the well dressed.

There are glass beads cut to sparkle and coloured sapphire or scarlet, china beads in white and pink and pale blue, round bubble beads in amber or charcoal. The more you wind round your neck and the more you jumble them up—the smarter they are.—London Express Service.

**Mothers should give a vote of thanks to this author who knows that**

## WHEN BIGGLES GOES "SOFT", THE BOYS CAN'T STAND IT

A MAN whose name every schoolboy knows what the sun looks like when it is setting; he must drill herself to stand aside and let somebody else know that it is red, that it is make a grab for her... stinking, and that it is in the West—shut up about it."

There are no descriptions of the hero either, not even the colour of his eyes or his age. For Biggles is every boy's idea of what he would like to be.

"Of course I'm grateful to Biggles," said Captain Johns, looking thoughtfully round his magnificent Queen Anne house in Hampton Court. "He's paid for all this and quite a few trips round the world, and a shooting-box in Scotland."

Biggles, he explained, is quite a chap. He can make £10,000 in one book. And Captain Johns can write a Biggles book in a fortnight.

### This Pomp

EVER since the Queen's return people have been talking of her... of how she looks, of how she is dressed, of the things that she has achieved; of the tasks that still face her. But one question has not been asked... till now. And that is, whether, in the life of the Queen, there is not too much pomp and circumstance...

Are they scaring the humanity out of the Queen? Any woman who has watched her as often as we have must have been concerned for that little figure engrossed in one of those huge ceremonial state chairs.

One wonders whether that enormous weighty complex apparatus needed to turn a girl into a Queen must also prevent a Queen from being a girl.

For it seems that all this ceremonial and formality, this rigid royal etiquette, these men around her who say what is queenly for a Queen to do—and what is not—draining the youth and spontaneity out of her.

Watching closely, one can see how responsibility is crushing her natural reactions, as wife and mother, one by one...

What Princess Anne "seems" like—when she is alone—has been described in a new cook-book published recently.

1 NO GIRLS. "Biggles once rescued an Italian princess from the Nazis." Captain Johns told us. "All he did was rescue her. But there was an uproar. You can count us out as readers," wrote scores of outraged schoolboys, "if Biggles is going soft."

2 ABSOLUTE ACCURACY. "Modern children are astoundingly well informed and if they think you don't know your facts—you are out. Almost all the things that Biggles does I have done myself."

"But once I wrote that a certain type of aircraft flew from London to Egypt non-stop, and the letters poured in saying: 'That plane can only fly 1,000 miles without refuelling, and it is 2,000 miles to Egypt. So did it stop, and if so why didn't you say so?'"

### All That Matters

3 PLENTY OF ACTION. "Action is really all that matters. The kind of thing a schoolboy likes to read is: 'Biggles did not hesitate. His pistol spat. The native stretched himself to his full height; then his legs crumpled under him and he slumped like a wot-sack. A mirthless smile curled Biggles' lips.'"

4 NO DESCRIPTIONS. "In a grown-up novel you can write that the scarlet sun was sinking in the West and go on about it for hours. But a

### Some Useful Tips From Experts

## How To Take Five Years Off Your Age . . .

London. WOULD you like to lose five years from your age? Most men and women would after the age of 30. Recently I have been talking to some of the experts on youthful preservation. I put to them this question . . . HOW DO YOU LOSE FIVE YEARS?

"Living dangerously" is the advice of psychologist Mayo Wingate. "Few people are cowards at heart," he says, "but many are inclined to be lethargic and follow the line of least resistance. They dread added responsibilities and tend to accept their surroundings with dreary discontent, instead of trying to change them."

Mr Wingate writes of this adventurous, youthful approach to life in his new book, *Human Problems of Today*.

If you look around at the vital men and women who don't spare themselves in living, you see the truth of his theory.

Who would think that Jacqueline Auriol, the daring French airwoman, who looks like a young girl, was 36, Dame Edith Evans 66, or Sir John Barbirolli 54?

### RELAXATION . . .

"Relax for 10 minutes each day," says beauty expert Olive Cato. "The right beauty treatments and cosmetics can help a woman to preserve her youth but they can't delete those lines of strain and anxiety. It's relaxation and sleep that renew the system."

Ten minutes daily lying flat on the back, with all muscles limp, eyes closed and mind a blank and the feet just slightly raised above the head (the ironing board is good for this) is Mrs Cato's recommendation for fooling the years.

This is the secret of eternally beautiful women like Lynn Fontanne and Marlene Dietrich.

My own doctor says: "Streamline your figure and check up on your health." Many people, who carry round surplus weight, look years older than they need and are probably shortening their life-span at the same time.

There's no harm in a sensible diet planned for you by your doctor and he adds this warning: that more illnesses and digestive upsets are caused by overeating than eating too little.

It's true that fat people look older than their years. Remember how much younger Ted Kavanagh looked when he lost 1st. And Wolf Mankowitz when he took off 13lb. last year.

Judy Garland, who was starting to look quite plump and matronly in 1951 seemed years younger when she lost weight.

And look what happened to our Queen when she lost weight on the Royal Tour. She came home younger than ever.

### HAIR . . .

A shorter, neater hairstyle can take five years off a woman's appearance. Hairstylist Raymond says: "There is nothing more agreeable to a woman's face than a frame of untidy, ill-shaped hair."

Remember how young Ginger Rogers appeared after she lost her shaggy mane?

Hair is just as important to a man," says Katharine Keen, who for years has been treating many of London's more prominent balding heads.

She tells me that she combines food and exercise for the scalp in her treatment.

But if you are too busy or too shy to have professional treatment you can still do a lot at home with a good nourishing lotion and daily massage. Most important object of massage should be to exercise the large

muscle which runs from the forehead to the nape of the neck. If this muscle is allowed to grow stiff, the fat cells, which are placed between the skin and the bone structure, cannot function properly.

If you want to see the difference that hair makes to a man you should meet some of our male film stars on the screen when they remove the toques they use for filming. Heart-throbs, like Michael Wilding and Charles Boyer, look years younger on the screen.

But whatever we do to cast those unwanted five years, it is of little use if we are no longer young in heart.

I like to remember Aristotle's definition of youth and age. It forms a useful quiz for checking up on your own outlook on life.

### YOUNG IN HEART

Young men, he wrote, have strong desires... they are fond of victory, for youth likes to be superior... they are sanguine... they live their lives in anticipation... they have high aspirations... they are prone to ploy... fond of laughter.

Elderly men, on the other hand, are cynical... suspicious... they aspire to nothing great or exalted, but crave the mere necessities and comforts of existence... they are not generous... they live in memory rather than anticipation... they are mastered by the love of gain.

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## ★ ★ ★ BEAUTY CLUB ★ ★ ★ JUST LIKE CLEOPATRA!

By LADY BOYLE

RECENTLY I played in a costume film Douglas Fairbanks was making for American television. It was a most feminine role, with all the frippery of the era. There were powdered wigs in one scene, softly draped curtains in another. Seductive may be the appearance... but oh! how sticky to the touch!

When I got home I still had the remains of the glue-like cream that fastened my wig to my brow, and the film make-up lay heavily on my skin.

Milk, however, is the main ingredient of most home-made face packs.

Perhaps the most effective of the lot is the milk and honey pack. I tried it the other day and can quite understand that Marlene Dietrich, the most glamorous of grandmothers, might well use it regularly, as she is said to do.

To make it, melt a tablespoonful of honey by standing it over boiling water and, as it gradually melts, stir in three tablespoonsfuls of milk.

Smooth this mixture over your face and neck and leave on for an hour. Wash it off with warm water.

If the result is as good as on Grandma Marlene, and as lasting, I don't feel we can grumble.

(London Express Service)



LADY BOYLE...in the American television film.

I almost lost hope of removing it entirely. I had cleaned with cream, and with liquids, and still it lingered. I went to the fridge to have a glass of milk and then, I wondered, Why not Cleopatra bathed in milk?

Why shouldn't I try it when I felt I needed something stimulating and cleansing?

Did you ever realise a pint of milk contained a score of beauty treatments?

After cleansing the face and neck dip a pad of cotton wool in milk (warm it if you prefer) and bathe the skin, keeping it wet for about five minutes. Let the milk dry on, leaving it there as long as possible while relaxing, then remove with a mild skin tonic.

### PUFFINESS

This treatment tightens and reduces the skin, and it is particularly good for removing wrinkles around the eyes.

Having discovered the delicious cooling of milk on my face and the beneficial results, I began to look for other creams with a similar effect.

Thus came the idea of "COTY Creme Fraiche".

It is a light, creamy, non-greasy

cream which is excellent for removing wrinkles and fine lines.

The following recipe comes

from a Victorian diary, and I

recommend it for wrinkles in the

face.

The Natural Moisturiser of

Women, by Anthony Morley

is another good cream.

The two indispensable items

add a teaspoonful of lemon



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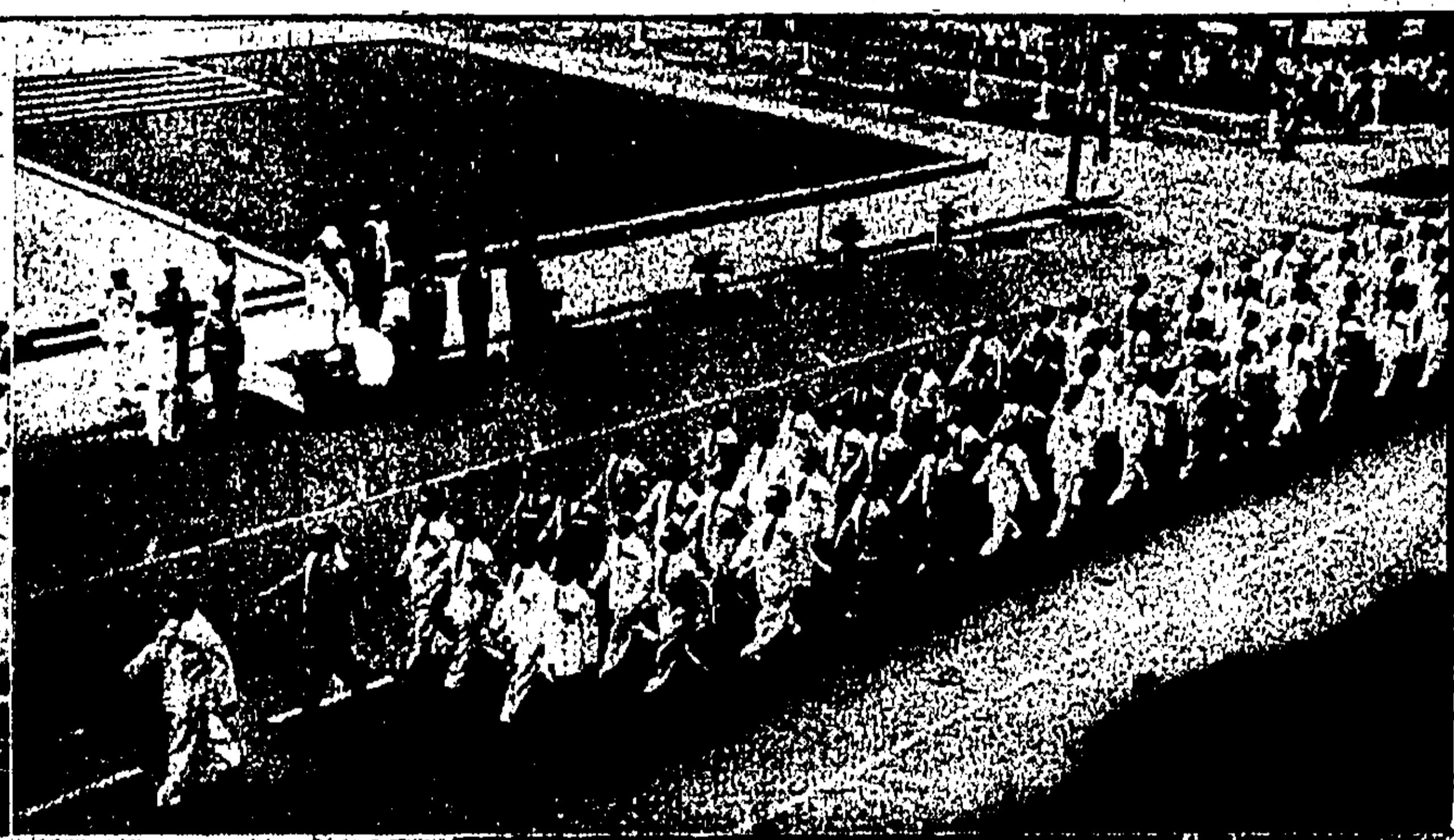
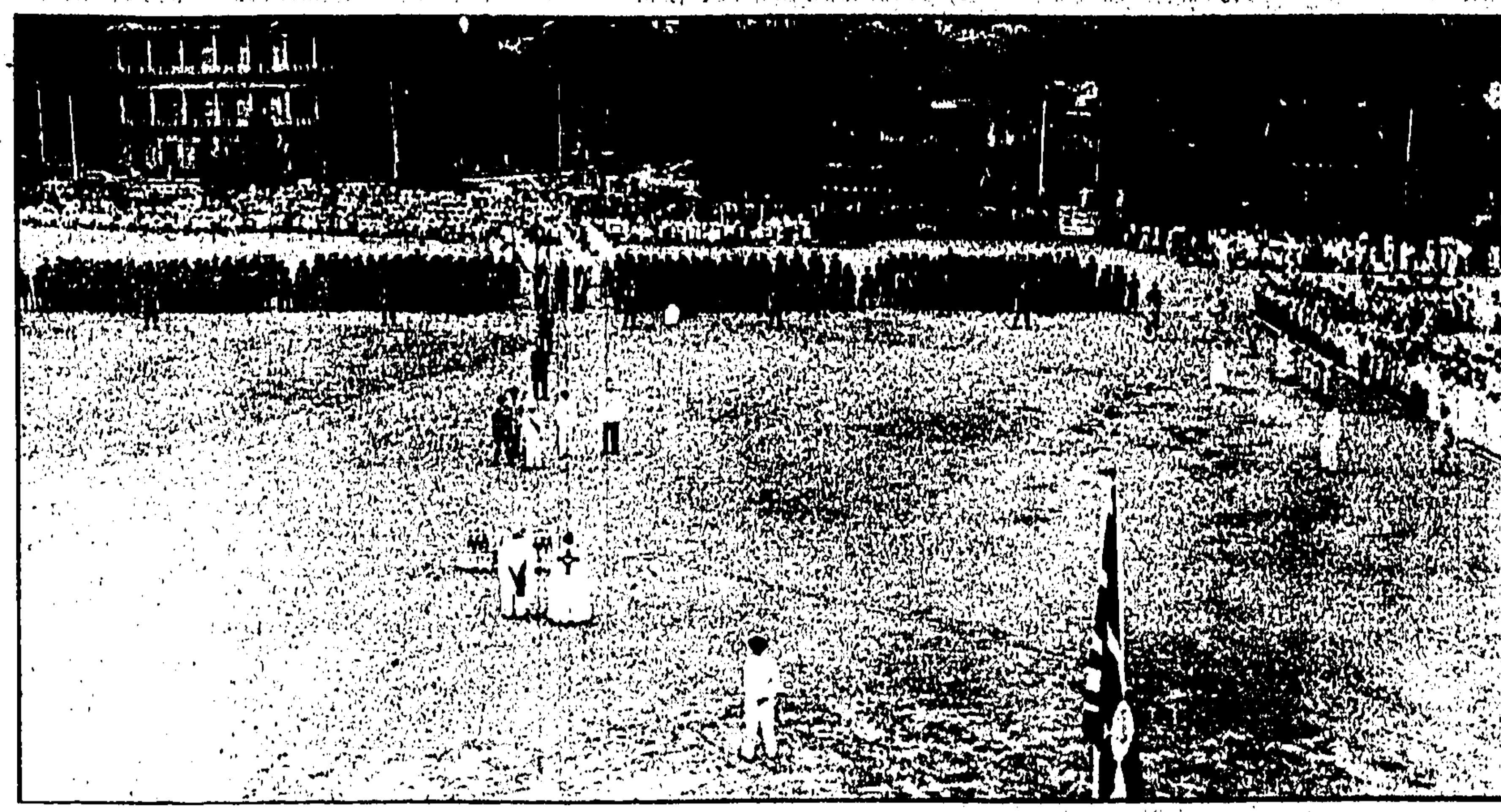
# CENTENARY OF THE HONGKONG VOLUNTEERS

THE first Volunteer defence unit was formed in Hongkong 100 years ago. To mark the event, the Royal Hongkong Defence Force held a Centenary Parade last Sunday in the Hongkong Cricket Club ground. Right: Panoramic view of the Parade during the Drumhead Service, in which His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, took part as Honorary Commandant General of the Force. (All pictures on this page by China Mail Staff Photographers)



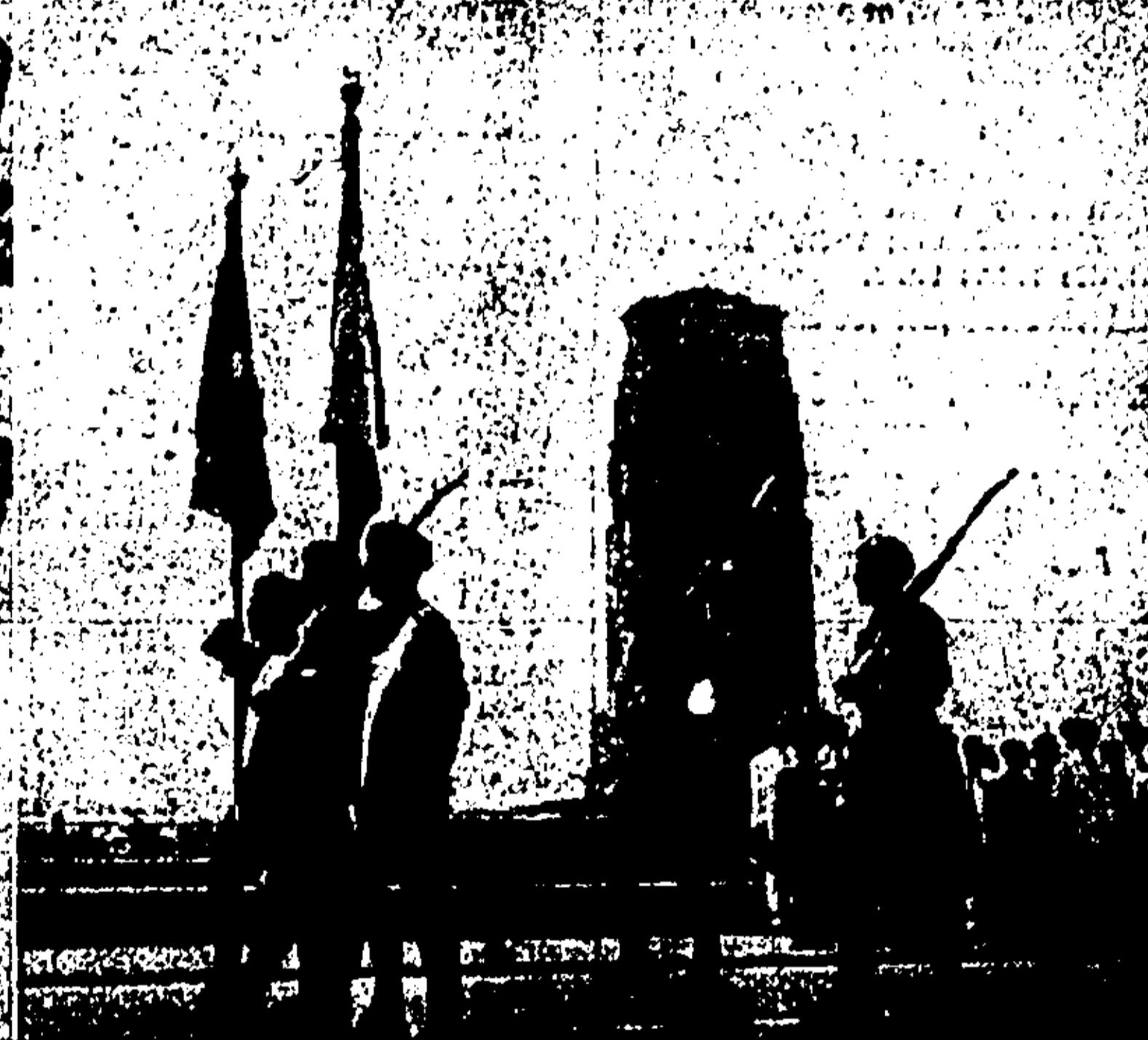
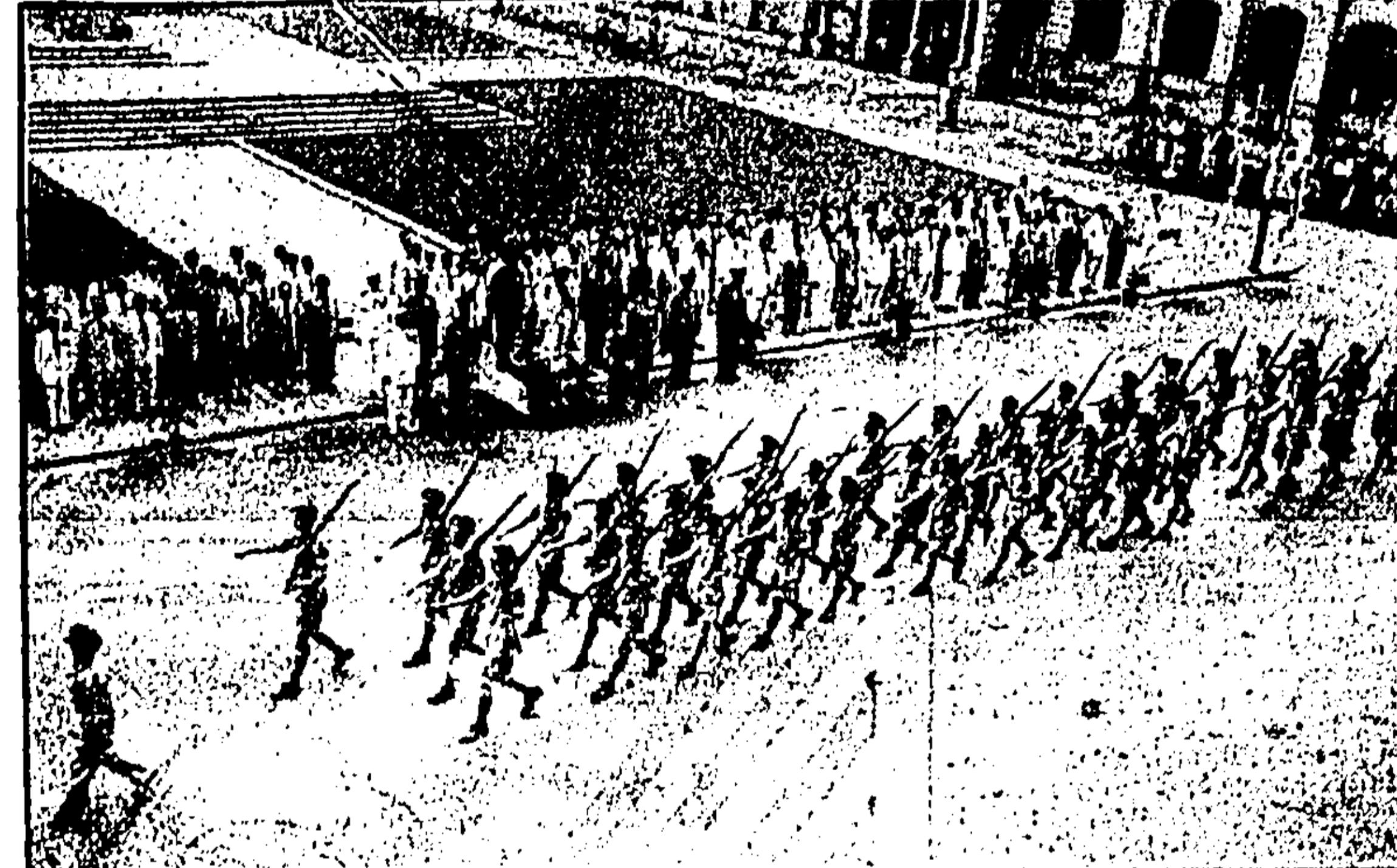
A detachment of the Women's Services of the Defence Force taking part in the march through the city.

RIGHT: The Hongkong Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, which led the various units in the March Past.



LEFT: Ex-Volunteers who participated in the Parade marching past His Excellency the Governor, who took the salute at the Cenotaph.

BELLOW: Lt-Col. S. L. A. Carter, Commanding Officer of the Hongkong Regiment, leading the Regiment along Queen's Road.



ABOVE, on the left: An armed detachment of the Hongkong Auxiliary Air Force. Above, centre: The Queen's Colour and the Regimental Colour of the Hongkong Regiment.

BELOW: At the Defence Force Centenary Ball, held at RHKDF Headquarters. From right: Col. L. T. Ride, Commandant of the Force, HE the Governor, Mrs Newton Dunn, Lady Grantham, and Lt-Col. O. F. Newton Dunn, Deputy Commandant.

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OUTSIDE the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, where they were married last Saturday, Flying Officer Maurice Farrelly and his bride, formerly Miss Rosamary Grace Pearson, pose for photographers with their attendants. (Staff Photographer)



HIS Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, and Lady Grantham snapped with Dr Guido Relli, Consul-General for Italy, at the Italian National Day reception held at Dr Roll's Deep Water Bay residence. (Staff Photographer)



JUST before his departure, Lt-General Sir Terence Airey visited the Hongkong University's School of Architecture to present awards won by students. He is seen congratulating Mr. Sam Lim, who is the winner this year of the Lee Hysan Gold Medal for the best design. (Ming Yuen)



MR Fung Hon-chu and Mr John Yuen, respectively Presidents of the Rotary Clubs of Hongkong Island West and East, taken at the Joint Charter Night of the two organisations held at the Ritz last week. (Staff Photographer)



MEMBERS of the 1st Kowloon Girl Guide Company who attended the Commonwealth Youth Sunday service at St Andrew's Church last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)



MRS T. L. Bowring presenting prizes at the Gun Club's annual home held last Sunday. Dr Li Shiu-fai, President of the Club, is on the right. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Mr and Mrs E. A. Innes and Miss Elma Kelly inspecting the replicas of the Crown Jewels displayed at the cocktail party given by the British Overseas Airways Corporation. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: A scene from the ballet, "The Curse of the Jewel," one of the highlights of the programme, "Ballet Shoes," presented by Miss Azalea Reynolds and her pupils at the King's Theatre last week. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Mr Robert Whitecomb Heaver and Miss Mary Lou Alden, after their wedding at the English Methodist Church. The groom is an Attaché of the U.S. Embassy. (Staff Photographer)

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# PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

## LOSS OF CONSCIOUSNESS DUE TO MANY CAUSES

By W. W. Bauer, M. D.

"HE went out like a light, doctor," says a bystander, as the doctor arrives in response to an emergency call. But that's all he knows. And the doctor needs to know more — because almost any disease may be a cause of unconsciousness.

There is a difference between temporary loss of consciousness and continued coma. Many persons faint as a result of minor causes and temporary conditions.

Fatigue, hunger, excitement, poor ventilation, tight collars, grief, joy, rage or excessive excitement. Fainting is usually easily recognised by the pallor of the face and the quick recovery when the patient is

laid flat, with head low, tight clothing loosened, and fresh air provided.

### Not Merely Drunk!

A study of a series of such patients brought into a large city hospital shows that roughly six out of 10 are drunk. But this is a dangerous conclusion against which young physicians and interns are carefully warned. So are police officers. A person may be drunk. He may smell of alcohol and chemical tests may show him to be intoxicated. And yet he may also be suffering from some

other condition. If a hasty assumption is made that the person is merely drunk, and he is thrown in gaol to sleep it off — he may be dead in the morning, of one of the other important causes of coma.

Of the four out of 10 who are not drunk, the largest number is unconscious as a result of some brain condition — haemorrhage (stroke), infectious disease or brain tumour.

Next in frequency are internal hemorrhages, which may be due to peptic ulcers or to bursting of weakened blood vessels (aneurysms); also suffering from some

burns; or shock from some

injury which may or may not be obvious. Next comes coma due to internal disease such as diabetes or kidney failure; then drugs and poisons, epilepsy, heart failure and severe infections.

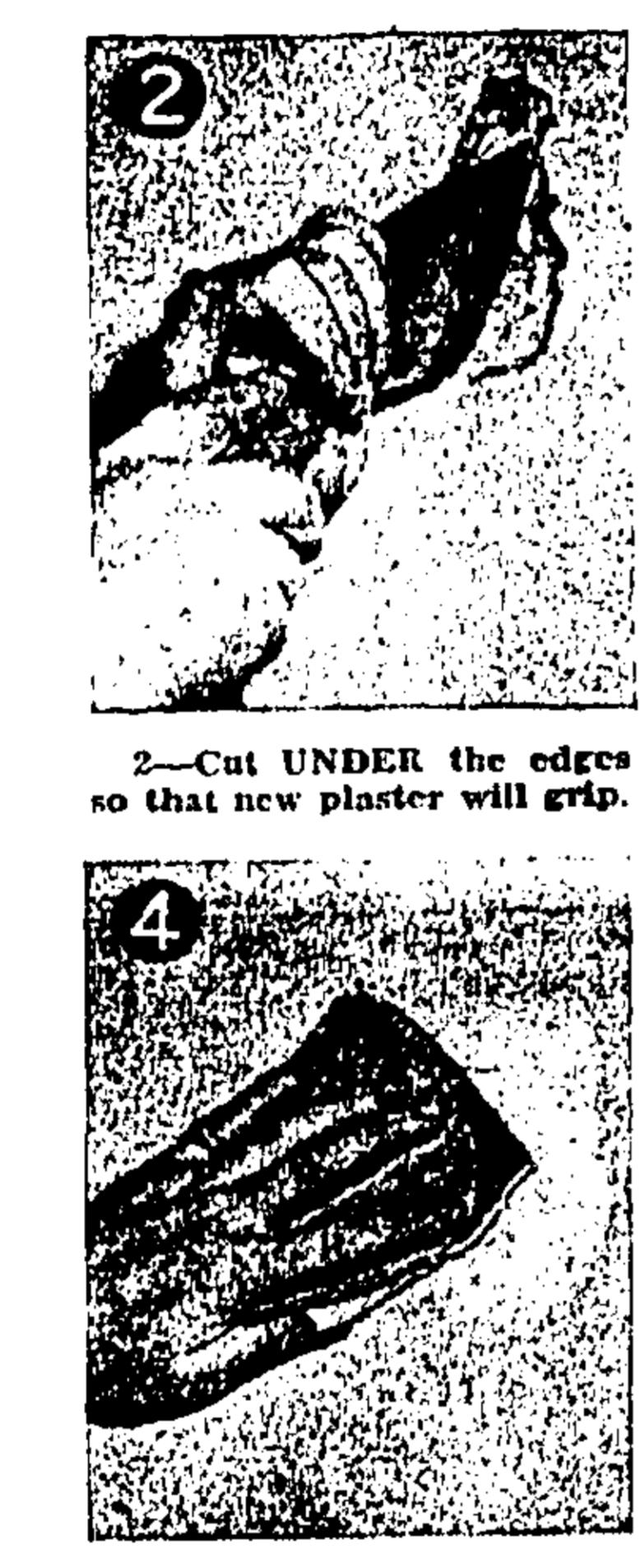
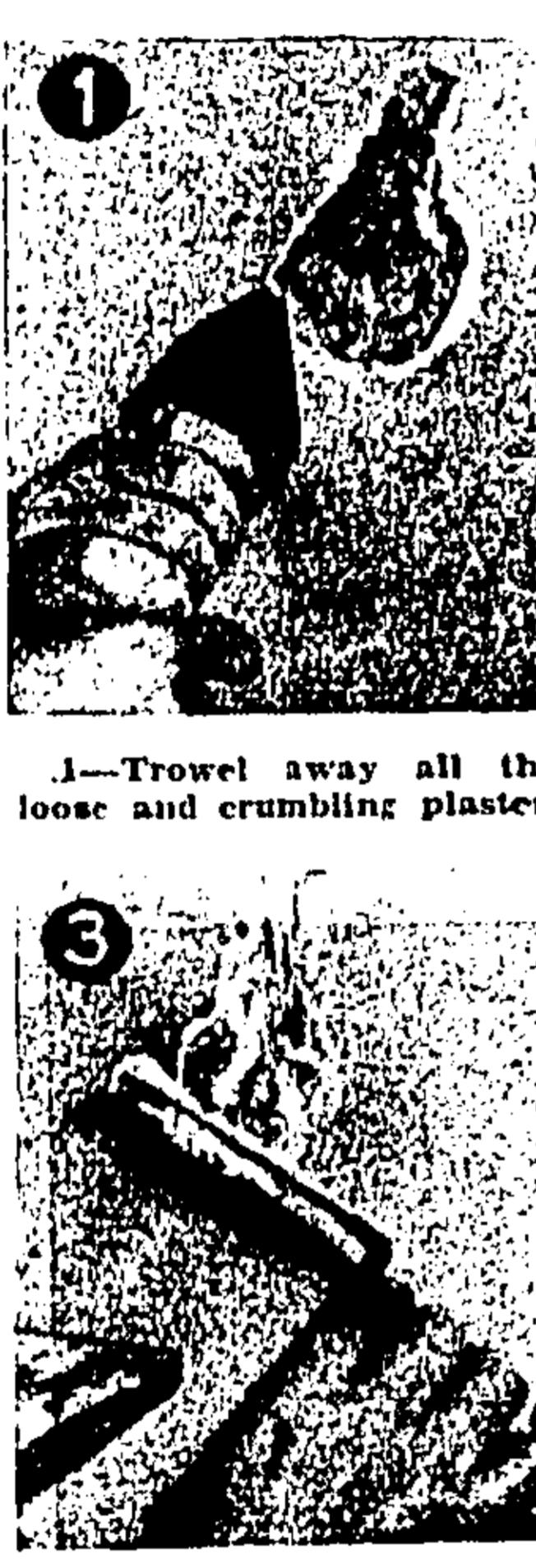
Since the treatment of these is quite different, the doctor becomes at once and the same time a first aider and a medical detective. Here is where the intelligent and observing bystander can help, particularly if he is a relative or has known the patient prior to the emergency. Time is usually valuable, since proper first aid may save life.

If the patient is known to have had diabetes, for example, he may be in diabetic coma if he is taking insulin, insulin shock. What he was doing immediately before the coma came on may be a clue. Had he ever attempted suicide? In some instances, the finding of an unconscious person in a closed garage with the motor of his car running is in itself a tip-off as to probable cause.

### Cautious First Aid

What can the non-medical bystander do when a patient is found unconscious, or becomes so? Perhaps the best he can do in many circumstances is to restrain the enthusiast who insists on "doing something" — no matter what. There is more danger of doing the wrong thing than of failing to do the right one. Even in coma, there is usually time enough to get medical treatment in the meantime protecting the patient as best you can. Of course, bleeding always requires immediate control.

The appearance of the individual is helpful. If his face is pale, the head is best kept at a low level; if flushed, it may be elevated on a low pillow or a rolled up coat. If the patient is hot with fever, he does not need blankets unless it is outdoors and the temperature is low. If he is cold, keep him warm, but not too hot. The former plan of using hot water bottles has been abandoned in most instances in favour of simply enough covering to avoid chilling. No unconscious person should ever be given anything to drink — attempting to force fluids into the mouth of such a person is likely to cause drowning from the filling of the lungs with the fluid offered. If breathing has stopped, artificial respiration must be begun, and kept up until the doctor arrives. If there are convulsions, the patient should be eased to rest in as comfortable a place as is available, and prevented from falling or injuring himself.



## Plenty Of Storage Space



THE ENTRANCE AREA of the above design is trimmed with stone. This plus the delightful planting box in front of the living room add a decorative touch.

By Joan O'Sullivan

CLOSETS always seem to be cluttered. That's largely because the average home doesn't have enough of them.

On today's page, you'll see a house designed for the closet conscious, and who isn't, these days? It's just one shy of having a closet for every ten square feet of floor area. Who could ask more?

This is a three-bedroom design, with combination kitchen-breakfast nook, living-dining area and fourteen closets.

The master bedroom boasts four closets plus a built-in vanity and private bath. Just outside this room, in the hallway, is a fifth closet.



AN ENTIRE WALL in the master bedroom is given over to storage facilities — two closets and a vanity with drawers for cosmetics. At the other side of the room, not shown here, there are two more closets.

cabinets are ready to house food supplies and utensils, while a special closet is designed for brooms and cleaning aids.

### Roomy Hall Closet

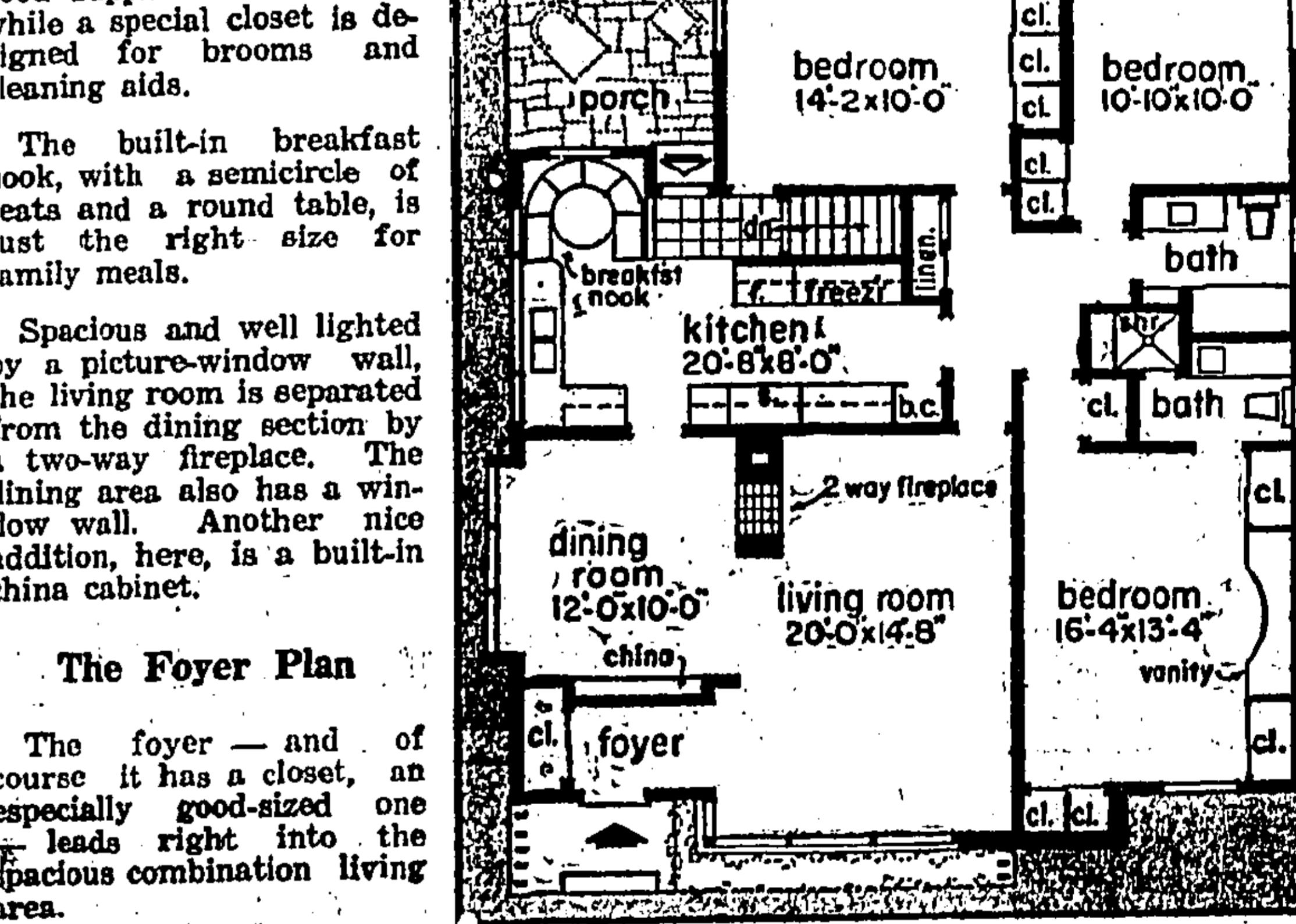
In a second bath, convenient to the other two bedrooms, a small closet holds towels and wash cloths.

The hallway features a really roomy closet designated for household linens.

Cross-ventilated, and airy, a corner bedroom has, for this house anyway, skimpy closet space, only two!

The third sleeping room is better equipped, having three closets. In addition there are two doors, one connecting with the kitchen, outdoor porch and cedar, the other leading to

an interior foyer and a fifth closet.



### The Foyer Plan

The foyer — and of course it has a closet, an especially good-sized one — leads right into the spacious combination living area.

### In The Kitchen

No matter how you look at this house, inside or out, it's a handsome, well-planned, too. Innumerable planned home.

AMONG THE "EXTRAS" which make this floor plan pleasing is a built-in breakfast nook with a semicircle of seats and a round table.

## INEXPENSIVE TOYS FOR TOTS

By Garry C. Myers, Ph.D.

A YOUNG child does not need to be rich in order to have good playthings. In any home are scores of things which make good toys, especially for the child under 3 or 4.

I'm not belittling the many excellent, educative toys on the market for the preschool child. But the principles involved in nearly all of them may be applied in the younger's use of scraps or simple things commonly employed for other purposes about the home — spoons, clothespins, table-spoons, pens, lids and other kitchen containers. A bit of yarn or cloth wrapped about a clothespin may make a doll loved and enjoyed as much as a "store" full of great riches.

And what can be more

fun for the child than pulling on a long string which moves an object several feet away. An empty cardboard box with a small hole in the top is an alluring thing through which the baby from 8 to 10 months can push clothespins or other small objects.

For the tot from two to six, a few short big-headed nails and a hammer and a soft piece of board or log can afford hours of fun.

Some guidance will be necessary, of course, lest the youngster hit the wrong head.

For more playthings, buy some good tools, such as snub-nose scissors for cutting pictures from old newspapers and magazines and a box of large crayons for drawing and colouring on the back of wallpaper, scrap or wrapping paper.

On such sheets, or in an old magazine, the child, from three to five, will like to paste pictures he has cut out or drawn.

The paste can be made of flour and water.

Parents who are handy with tools can saw up some wood into blocks, making shelves for the storage of small objects.

Checkers and dominoes are precious playthings as soon as the child

the youngster won't chew on the paint.

Pans and empty food boxes are wonderful toys in the sand-box.

### BOOKS OF RHYMES

If you want to appeal to a bit higher intellectual interest of the young child, put on the floor several potatoes, apples, spoons, and the like mixed up, and induce the youngster to sort them into several piles.

Some small, wheeled toys may be added to the child's collection of inexpensive toys, and also a few story books and books of rhymes. You may be able to borrow a great variety of such books from the public library.

Even better than playthings is a mother who enjoys the little child in his development.

Checkers and dominoes are precious playthings as soon as the child

## The Best Way To Prepare Soluble Coffee

"WHETHER one buys freshly ground or vacuum-packed coffee, or one of the flavourful soluble coffee," said the Chef, "is a matter concerning both time and money. Soluble coffee is a clever innovation, a real convenience food."

"It certainly costs less per cup, and there is no waste. It is possible also to make the brew strong or mild to taste."

"However, Chef, we must keep in mind that soluble coffee is first thoroughly percolated to draw out full strength, and the water is then evaporated by any one of several processes to obtain the coffee solids."

"More of the fatty acids and caffeine which are normally present in coffee are retained in the soluble coffee than when the beverage is made from ground coffee by the preferred drip method."

"Economically, the use of instant soluble coffee does effect a saving of about 20 percent. In preparing it for the family, measure the number of teaspoons needed into a heated pot; pour in the right amount of rapidly boiling freshly drawn water; cover and keep hot three minutes to bring out the flavor."

"If you want to anchor a screw, dip the threads into thinned shellac just before it is inserted into the wood. The treatment prevents rust."

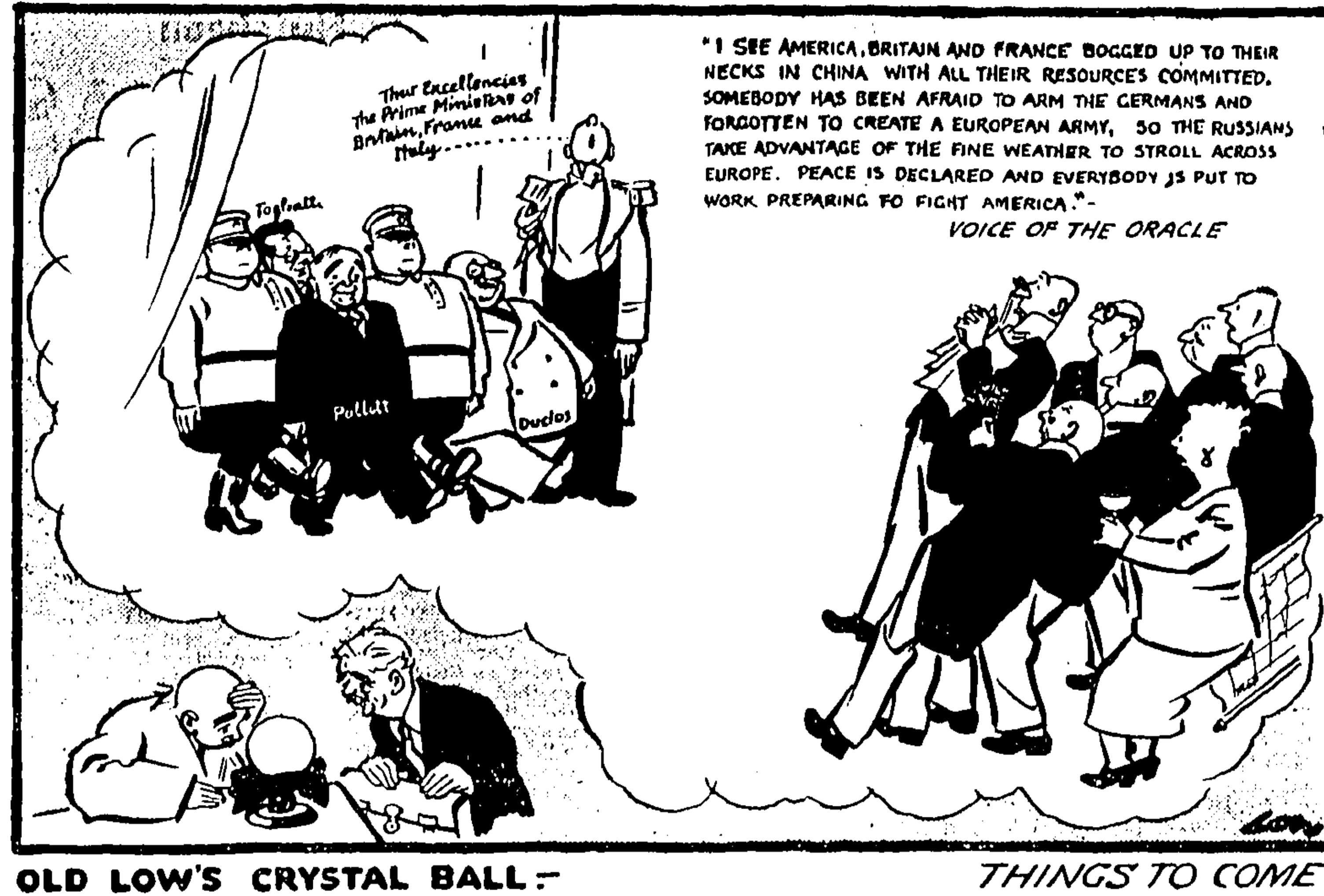
"For a menu surprise, beat an egg and seasoning into two cups of hot mashed potatoes. Shape into four balls and press the centres to make cups. Put pieces of cheese into the cups, brush with melted fat, sprinkle with crumbs, and bake in a moderate oven 30 minutes."

"Coffee Vietnamese Style is very nice," the Chef suggested. "Just float a teaspoon of whipped cream on each cup of after-dinner coffee. And in keeping with this style, pass



"Embroidery hoops are valuable for holding material in place when removing stains."

— Ida Bailey Allen



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## GERMAN INDUSTRY SEEKS LEBENSRAUM

By Frederick Ellis

HAMPTON, ENGLAND.—Again the German nation is on the march for Lebensraum—seeking a place in the sun. But this time it is an industrial army seeking its Lebensraum in the export markets of the world.

It is an army no less determined in its intent than the Hitler military machine which overran Europe.

And Britain again is the major target. For it is from Britain's share of the export market that the big German victories can be gained.

Already Western Germany's share of the world's heavy engineering exports is back to pre-war at Britain's expense. For our postwar gain has been retaken by the eager heaving Germans.

Everywhere you travel through this emerald-green country you see signs of the super-effort being made—by men and master.

On the Rhinegold I rode to Cologne. There were two stenographers' fingers poised to pound the typewriter for travelling business men. And the service is available on Sundays. For that, the skilled worker gets £8 a week without overtime.

### Three Shifts

HEIR Schecker says: "It will be launched in a fortnight—not a year since the men started to work on it."

He quickly gives the explanation: "We work round the clock in this yard."

For the German worker is only too happy to work three shifts, and equally important, the trades unions are only too happy to let him.

Schecker's men work a nine-hour shift—the first starts at 7.30 a.m.—with only 45 minutes off for meal breaks. Lunchtime is only half an hour. For that, the skilled worker gets £8 a week without overtime.

### 25 HIT SONGS IN FIVE YEARS

By Robert Harris

THE man who gave the world the song hit "How Much Is That Doggie In The Window?" has come to London to spend some of the million dollars which the world (rather extravagantly) has given him.

His name is Robert Merrill. Hardly anyone noticed his arrival. Hardly anyone knew his name. Who exactly is Mr. Merrill? He might be described as a song tycoon. Writer seems an inadequate term to describe his activities in the financial stratosphere of Tin Pan Alley.

In five years he has written 25 hit songs, some of them on a miniature xylophone which he carries around with him. The Doggie song, written in 20 minutes flat, earned \$6,000 altogether.

I found this one-man industry to be a soft-spoken, courteous American bachelor of 32.

### Simple Living

"I like to live pretty simple," he said to me. A lavendar-colour star ruby, the size of a Brazil nut, managed to look inconspicuous on his left hand. A pearl no bigger than a balded bean was pinned discreetly near the bottom of his black sports tie.

Storily, Mr. Merrill is less opulent. He wears, with permanent casualness, a single-breasted blue suit of some light

material, a floppy-collared shirt, and moccasin "loafer" shoes with tasseled leather laces, which, it seems, are all the rage among smart American males just now.

"I don't own a tuxedo," says Mr. Merrill without shame, "and, best of all, I like to loaf around a little island retreat off New York in a cotton shirt, while duck pants, and bare feet. Don't think I'm a recluse, though."

I hadn't. I asked Mr. Merrill to tell me more about the simple life as led by successful American song-writers.

### Goldfish Bowl

"Well, you know," he said, "I was a hobo for a couple of years, though my father was wealthy—a candy manufacturer. I've lived on four dollars a week what is life like?"

"I guess it's a little like living in a goldfish bowl. In New York I don't live so simple," he confessed.

"Yes, I have got a penthouse—all used to belong to a millionaire hotel owner. I have a rather fabulously bathroom—probably the largest in the world—made of Spanish brick. It looks like the inside of a castle. And the bath, which is big enough for three, is enclosed in New Orleans glass. I have a little lounge in a corner and gym equipment and that sort of thing."

He has five other rooms in addition. And a sun terrace.

ROBERT MERRILL  
Twenty-five hits in five years.

Shyly, Mr. Merrill admits to having possessed a 354-meter yacht until recently.

Mr. Merrill's simple life, as he talks, begins to look progressively more complicated. He confesses to being something of a man-about-town.

Mildly, he tells you: "It used to go around with one of the Gabor sisters, Ava, but she was only one of those with whom my name was linked."

I asked him what had happened to his romance with Miss Gabor.

"Oh, the usual thing. She went to Hollywood to make pictures. It happens so often to people with careers. But she's a very sweet, intelligent girl."

### A Problem

The hobby-actors are a problem. "I'm pretty well known in America. I'm one of the permanent members of one of the top panel shows." Songs for Sale, he doesn't have much privacy in my life."

Mr. Merrill did not sound particularly worried by the lack of privacy in his life.

In London his privacy will not be unduly disturbed.

How does he like being out of the limelight?

"I sometimes like to get away from that sort of thing," he says.

He has five other rooms in addition. And a sun terrace.

### THE CHAPMAN PINCHER COLUMN

## WHAT KEEPS A BEE BUSY? BELIEVE IT OR NOT— DOPE FROM THE QUEEN

**T**HE secret of how the queen bee keeps her subjects so fanatically loyal to her has been discovered by a British scientist.

She supplies them with a mysterious substance which they crave like dope, Dr Colin Butler, chief bee scientist at the famed research station at Rothamsted, Herts, announces.

This "queen substance" keeps the workers content while they toil for the community. Without a regular supply of it the worker bees become irritable, shiftless, and disloyal to their queen.

Dr Butler believes that it is the inability of an aging queen bee to supply the workers with enough "queen substance" which makes them swarm.

### ON THE BLACK

They rear a new queen to supply the "dope" and then thousands of disloyal workers quit the hive with her.

The "queen substance" is in the special wax which covers the queen bee's body. The workers get their supplies by constantly licking her or from other workers who have done

so. That is why they always seem to be so attentive.

First sure sign that the workers are starved of "dope" is a roaring sound in the hive made by hundreds of bees fanning with their wings.

Dr Butler has found that the "queen substance," which has not yet been isolated, can be rubbed off with a piece of cotton wool which then becomes attractive to worker bees as the queen bee herself.

The bees must touch the queen to get the dope. If a queen bee is placed in a wire-mesh cage so that the workers can see her but cannot touch her they soon become disinterested and start to rear new queens.

Any egg-laying queen can supply the "dope," which explains why workers will accept a queen from another colony.

In this postwar Germany there has been one big incentive lacking in Britain.

Germans were licked in the war. Factories, homes, jobs... the lot were lost. For five years they have been getting them back, often helped by homes by the firms they work for—and thus they will work hard to keep and improve them.

"Work or want" used to be the cry in Britain. In Germany they work mightily to end want.

Dr Butler believes that the food which worker bees pass to one another in the hive contains "queen substance" and is a means of telling each other that all is well with the queen.

"Of all factors which help to keep the members of a colony of bees together, the strong desire for 'queen substance' is probably the most important," Dr Butler writes in his magnificently illustrated book, "The World of the Honeybee" (Collins, 21s.)

There is no evidence that worker wasps or bumble-bees get "dope" from their queens, but ants and termites do.

### TALL OR SHORT

**N**EW light on why the world's most forceful men are usually of short or medium stature comes from Oxford University doctors.

Careful study of human growth has shown that men who are below average in height reach physical maturity earlier than taller men.

Early physical maturity is often accompanied by a more immature outlook and extra drive. So the boy who stops growing early may be quicker at getting ambition into perspective and is better endowed to pursue it with vigour.

Examples of shortish men of outstanding drive and accomplishment? Julius Caesar, Wellington, Nelson, Napoleon, Lloyd George, Mussolini, and Hitler were all of moderate height.

So often, too, in business and in the professions, the men at the top are not much more than shoulder-high to a six-footer.

Until now the dominance of short men has been explained mainly on the psychological principle that they unduly assert themselves to compensate for their lack of status. This theory would seem to apply only to those who are so far below average height that they consciously feel inferior.

My own height? A regrettable 5 ft. 11 in.

### BANISHING FEAR

**A**ND INDIAN drug which is said to banish fear, shyness and bad temper is now being given to British patients.

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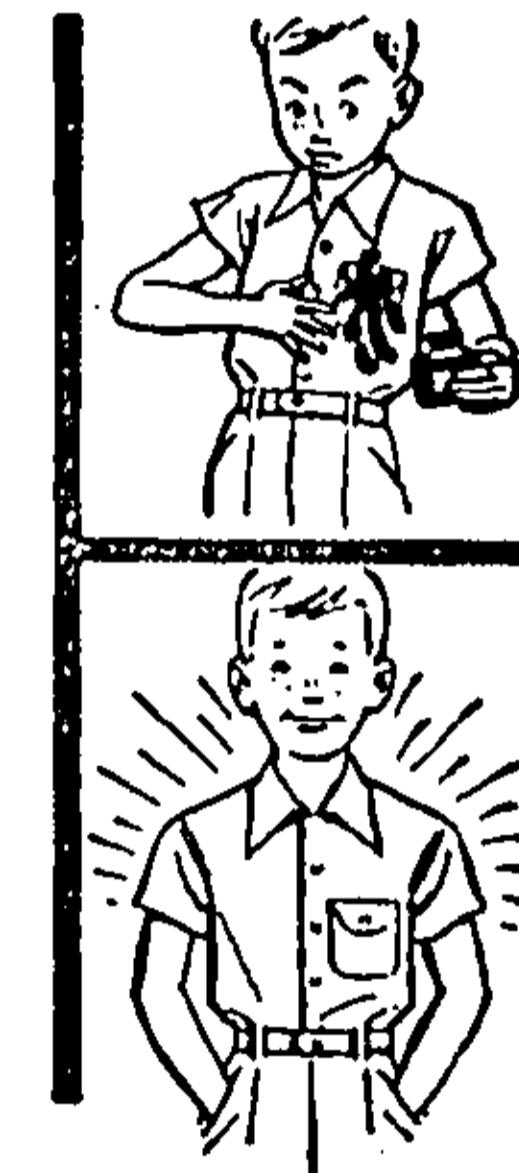
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The doctor puts in a separate strip of wood for each of the patient's symptoms in turn. The place where most black lines are massed together marks the disease most likely to be responsible.

### TROUBLE SPOT

★ THE PRECISE source of painful throbs in a splitting headache has been tracked down by U.S. doctors. It is not in the nervous tissues of the brain, but in the walls of the blood vessels which nourish it.

Using a sensitive electronic instrument, Professor Harold Wolff found that when the pulse in the carotid artery increases in the headache gets worse.

This type of headache is often caused by worry and overwork.



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The Eterna-Matic system of winding on a ball-bearing is so highly-perfected that it has enabled Eterna to construct the world's smallest waterproof self-winding watch—the little Eterna-Matic.

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ETERNA



## Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

# Radio Hongkong Broadcasting Commentaries On Dragon Boat Races

## NEW SERIAL BY JACK SHEPHERD

Today is Dragon Boat Festival, and the traditional Boat Races associated with the Day are being held throughout the Colony. The principal Races are taking place at the Chung Sing Bathing Shed (West Point), where this afternoon His Excellency the Governor is presenting the prizes. This ceremony will be covered by Radio Hongkong's Chinese Section.

The English Service also plans to do a commentary on a "Boat Race", which promises to be as colourful as it is unique. This particular scene is at Tai Po, where this morning a Regatta was organised by the Co-operative and Marketing Department. Here, in contrast to the traditional "long" Dragon boats, the crews row in ordinary fishing boats.

Now, among the events in this Tai Po Regatta this morning, for the first time in the history of the Colony, two European crews will try their skill and wind against selected crews of Chinese fishermen. Appropriately enough the two teams call themselves "Kwai Lo" and "Fa'an Kwai".

Radio Hongkong's commentator John Wallace took a portable recorder out to Tai Po this morning, and at 9 this evening listeners can hear the exciting results of this novel contest between the "Foreign Devil" crews and the Fishermen.

"SUMMER LIGHTNING"

Written and produced by Jack Shepherd, Radio Hongkong is this week starting a new radio serial which comes on Mondays and Thursdays at 8.15 p.m.

Called "Summer Lightning", this serial relates the joys and tribulations of Roderick and Ruth Random in Hongkong, and introduces Clive Mullins, a ship's purser and Judy Pullister, an American girl. Listeners should note that for next week only, Thursday's instalment comes at 8 p.m. instead of 8.15 due to a change in the time of the BBC news on that day.

"TICKET TO ROME"

On Wednesday at 9 p.m. the Kai Tak players return to the air with a play by Patrick Clifford, "A Ticket to Rome".

Charles Wykeham is a Paris guide. As a young man, in a Bedford grocer's shop, he dreamed constantly of going to Rome to study art.

On his 21st birthday he said goodbye to Bedford, and set out to realise his dream. In Paris he missed his Rome train, and in the crowds he lost his wallet with all his money and his ticket to Rome.

A young girl befriended him for a time, with whom he had a short-lived and tragic affair. He never left Paris, but 40 years later, he found his "Ticket to Rome". The play is produced by T.A. Roberts.

**MUSIC**

Rena Keown, mezzo-soprano, and John McLeod, baritone, well known to Radio Hongkong's listeners, will be in the studio at 8.30 on Wednesday evening to broadcast a concert of ballads.

"Salomé"—Richard Strauss's one act opera based on Wilde's text—may be heard on Thursday at 9.15 p.m. The exciting part of Salomé is sung by Walburga Wagner, who has established herself as one of the most notable dramatic sopranos of the post-war period.

The orchestral score of "Salomé" is one of the most difficult and complex in all opera; in this new recording the Vienna Symphony Orchestra is brilliantly conducted by Rudolf Moralt.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 860 kilocycles per second and on 9.52 megacycles per second in 31 metro band).

## Today

12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.  
12.30 p.m. SONG FROM THE WEEKEND.  
12.30 p.m. "Hippodrome," with Jack Buchanan, Barbara Leigh, Rita Williams, Jimmy Young, Billy Ternett and his band. Presented by John Watt.

1.00 TIME SIGNAL, MUSICAL SCRABBOOK.

1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.30 LUNCHEON MUSIC, Boston Pop Orchestra cond. by Arthur Fiedler.

1.40 FORCEN' PROGRAMMES, EDUCATING ARCHIE, WITH Peter Drough and Archie Andrews.

2.00 STUDIO CONTEMPORARY JAZZ, Presented by Paul Perry.

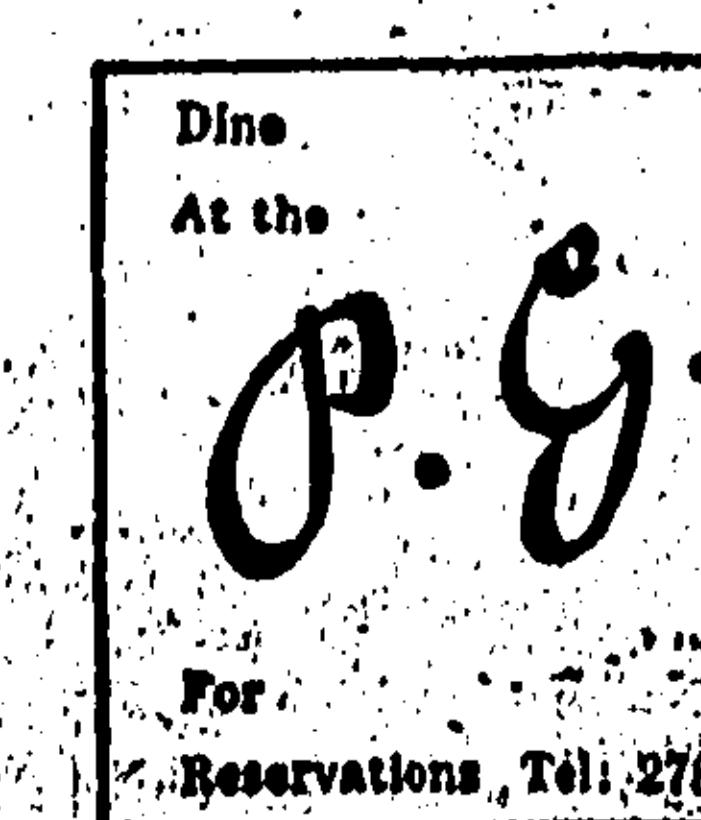
2.00 STUDIO HOSPITAL RE-CURE, Presented by Thérèse.

4.00 STUDIO FORCEN' CHOICE, WITH Norman Hayes.

4.00 STUDIO NO NAME, BY White Collins, Produced by David E. Geddes.

5.00 STUDIO A LETTER FROM ZURICH, AN ACCENT ON BRITAIN.

## FERD'NAND



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My heart belongs to daddy; In the still of the Night; Let's do it; Eve got you under my skin; Don't fence me in; Let me go; and his Music from the Movies.

11.50 WEATHER REPORT, 11.50 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-REEL (LONDON RELAY).

11.50 GOODNIGHT MUSIC, Love Is All Around (Lyon) (repeated)—The National Symphony Orch. cond. by Sir Malcolm Sargent.

11.50 GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

11.50 CLOSE DOWN.

## Friday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.

7.02 NEWS, SUMMERY.

7.10 TOP O' THE MORN.

8.00 TIME SIGNAL, WEATHER REPORT & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

8.10 MUSIC IN THE AIR.

8.00 CLOSE DOWN.

8.10 STUDIO: ROMAN PRAYER, By the Pope, Father R. W. Gallagher, B.S.

12.30 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.

12.32 STUDIO INTO MELODY, WITH Paul Weston and his Orchestra.

1.00 TIME SIGNAL.

1.15 STUDIO: ROMAN PRAYER, By the Pope, Father R. W. Gallagher, B.S.

1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.20 MUSIC OF THE MASTERS.

1.20 CLOSE DOWN.

1.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.

1.03 CONTACT, A Radio Magazine for the Rising Generation, with News, Views, Interviews, Stories and Music, Presented by Rosemary Richards (Studio).

1.15 EXPLORING THE HEIGHTS (DIRECTED BY JOHN MCLEOD).

1.15 STUDIO: ROMAN PRAYER, From Everest.

1.15 STUDIO: ROMAN PRAYER BY RADIOTONE — LESSON 37.

1.15 STUDIO: ROMAN PRAYER, Prepared by S. K. Lee, Assisted by Michael and Lee Wallace (Studio).

1.45 LATIN AMERICAN RHYTHM, Xavier Cugat and his Orchestra.

1.15 STUDIO: ROMAN PRAYER, GIOMAR NOGUEIRA (PIANO).

1.15 STUDIO: ROMAN PRAYER, Melody (Gluck); Dance of the Blessed Spirits (Orpheus and Euridice) (Gluck); Dance of the Dead (Orpheus and Euridice) (Gluck); Magic from "Alessia" (Gluck); Hornpipe (Purcell).

1.15 STUDIO: ROMAN PRAYER, WITH Richard Murdoch, David Kenneth Horne, Sam Costa, Maurice Dehnah, Dore Bryan.

1.50 WEATHER REPORT, 1.50 TIME SIGNAL AND WORLD NEWS (LONDON RELAY).

1.50 GOODNIGHT MUSIC, Artie Wallis (Strauss—trans., Piano).

1.50 GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

## Tuesday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.

7.02 NEWS, SUMMERY.

7.20 TOP O' THE MORN.

8.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

8.10 MUSIC IN THE AIR.

8.00 CLOSE DOWN.

8.10 STUDIO: MORNING PRAYERS.

8.10 STUDIO: MORNING PRAYERS, By J. E. Sandbach.

8.10 STUDIO: MORNING PRAYERS, PRESENTED BY R. K. LEE.

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8.10 STUDIO: MORNING PRAYERS, PRESENT



# Getting On In Years? —You Can Still Get On In Golf

Says BERNARD HUNT

My father—you see him in the pictures here—can still keep up with me from the tee in spite of the attentions of Anno Domini. But I have to confess he has to resort to a little trickery to do it. But then there is no reason why YOU shouldn't try the same trick. It is merely the using of a very high tee, and learning to hit the ball on the upswing from off the toe of the left foot, instead of the usual position opposite the heel.

This idea of using the high tee and hitting the ball on the "up" produces a remarkable amount of top spin; and while I make the ball travel further in the air Dad's drive usually rolls so well that there is very little in the final result. I think it is well worth trying. It might take a little while to master properly but once you've got the feel of hitting on the "up" you will be surprised and pleased by the results.

Now although Henry C. is the best thing, I feel, is the brilliant exception to my rule. It is a simple fact that a ageing eye does stiffen the joints and takes something out of hitting snap out of the wrists and hands of most golfers. I, while Dad does his trick, can't keep up from the tee he cannot quite get his old length off the fairway. But that is not all.

He has done what all older golfers do—he has accepted his age philosophically and graciously and has concentrated on the fine golf which still lies comfortably within his power. What he loses in length with his second shot, for instance, he makes up for by the accuracy of his pitching and chipping and putting.

Dad insists that there is no excuse for "age" in those shots round the green. If you know your course. He admits that no strange courses, the ageing eye is not so reliable for judging distances. But on your own course an "old one", using the intelligence and experience accumulated down the year, can be as deadly as ever he was.

## YOU CAN PIVOT AT 80

In the picture, I use with this article my father demonstrates the biggest faults he finds among other golfers who come to him for advice. Look at the young picture first. You've seen dozens strike off, badly, on the first tee every Sunday morning just like that, refusing to pivot, hitting well behind the

## CHECK YOUR CLUBS

The answer to that, of course, is that any older golfer who hasn't the right equipment just cannot hope to play well. I couldn't get reasonable figures with the odd clubs I have seen around various courses. And I am sure their owners can't. I cannot urge too strongly any older golfer who wants to get more from his golf to go along to his professional and have a good check over for the right gear. He will be astonished how much help he will be able to get from the new club ranges.

And because they didn't have wedges in the old days, please don't turn your nose up at one today. Properly used it can be a stroke-saving instrument. What's more it is a club older golfers can use well.

So—checking over the main points—make sure of your pivot and look after your hand power; forget about the length you used to boast about; try the trick of the high tee and the ball hit off the left toe; accept your years philosophically and resolve to make them pay you instead of haunt you—in terms of experience and stroke-saving work round the greens.

Finally, pleasure in golf means a lot to most of us and more, probably, to older people than to young; so why not get the proper gear for the job? Some of the new clubs really are wonderful. Why not see your pro and try them?

## THIS IS WRONG



You have seen this horrible position a thousand times on the first tee every Sunday morning. Note the immobility and stiffness in legs, hips, shoulders. There is no sign of a natural pivot and the shot develops into a lurch of the body which usually brings the head of the club into the ground behind the ball.

## THIS IS RIGHT



If you can walk you can pivot. Try it. There is nothing acrobatic about it. The hips have turned and so have the shoulders. Result is that the hands are right and the body is set for a proper swing. Older golfers CAN pivot. Try it. It will help your golf whether you are seventeen or seventy—but especially if you are upward of 50.

## Freedom Of

### Moscow For These Footballers

By J. W. TAYLOR

Everything is all set for a memorable June day. The players of the Kilmarnock Football Club, runners-up to Motherwell, champions of Division "B" of the Scottish League, are to receive the Freedom of Moscow. What is more, they are to play the Dynamos Football Club and another Moscow eleven right on the banks of the Volga.

It happened like this. Malcolm McDonald, man who helped bring about such a change for the better in the waning fortunes of the Kilmarnock Club, answered the phone the day he realised with considerable personal satisfaction that his boys had become the season's runners-up in the Division.

The Voice said ever so sweetly: "This is Moscow calling, Mr McDonald."

Now Mr McDonald has endured some shocks in his time as a Soccer club manager, but this really was electric. Before he could look up the Russian for "who's speaking?" the Voice went on:

"This is Moscow speaking. We have been watching the progress of your team during the season. We are delighted with your success, and invite you to come to Moscow and receive the Freedom. This invitation is sponsored by the Dynamos football club of Moscow, and you are asked to arrange to meet them in a match."

After calling upon an astonished office boy to thump him on the back to make sure he wasn't really dreaming, Malcolm could only mutter something about Iron Curtains, passport, visas and such.

"Tut-tut," said the Voice soothingly, "everything will be arranged for you—you do not need passports or visas on this occasion. As for 'Iron Curtains'—we do not understand. We do not have them in Moscow. However, come to the Volga and fraternise with us in the spirit of good companionship. Special accommodation will be reserved for you all and you will receive the Freedom keys at the boundary."

It did seem to Mr McDonald that this had gone far enough—a Russian speaking over the phone from Moscow in perfectly good Scotch, so he found it necessary to ask a few terse questions clearly to indicate that practical jokes were not appreciated at the Kilmarnock headquarters.

The Voice was not at all upset; lost none of its politeness, and, more important, was so truthful in reply that Malcolm again requested the office boy to give him another thump. Strange, but nevertheless true... it was the Dynamos football club of Moscow on the banks of the Volga offering his boys the Freedom of Moscow!

There was nothing for it but to offer to consult his directors and ring back the Moscow Club later. And thus it was arranged to accept the Freedom of Moscow and to play the Dynamos team and another Moscow eleven on the banks of the Volga in June.

There is, of course, no mystery at all about this affair with a Russian flavour. This Moscow from whence came The Voice, is a pretty little Ayrshire village 18 miles from Glasgow and 2½ miles short of Galston—and the villagers are all fans of the Kilmarnock football club, whose recent successes have delighted them so much.

The Dynamos is the name of the village school senior team, whose pitch is close to the banks of a river that is called the Volga!

## WINNING TEAM SENDS UP PRODUCTION.

Speaking on the "£. s.d. of Football" at a recent lunch of the Bristol Round Table Club, Mr Harry Dolman, chairman of Bristol City FC, said: "Factory production increases when the local football team is winning. Sports is so much a part of our lives that the results of matches have an effect on the workers' happiness."

"If their favourite team is winning they work better. Don't ask me what happens when their side loses, although we are fortunate in Bristol in that we have two leading professional football sides, and they don't often lose on the same day!"

He added that professional football was a big business. Many clubs employed 70 to 80 people in various capacities, and a team like his needed an average "gate" of 15,000 a week to keep them out of financial trouble. He estimated that if Bristol City was playing in the First Division the extra people drawn into the city each Saturday would spend £250,000 a year in local shops.

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## The Greatest Rugby League Player Of Our Time

By PETER EDWARDS

Ask the miners from the Lancashire coalfields, the woollen workers from Yorkshire, or the farmers from the Cumberland fells: "Who is the greatest Rugby player of our time?" And the answer will be "Brian Bevan."

Yes, they will argue Bevan against the top men of Rugby Union, against the other stars of his professional Rugby League.

They will tell you that the shy, quietly-spoken 29-year-old Australian has proved himself supreme in the toughest of sports; that the incredible scoring machine has gone on year after year, no matter the quality of play, success, or failure of his club.

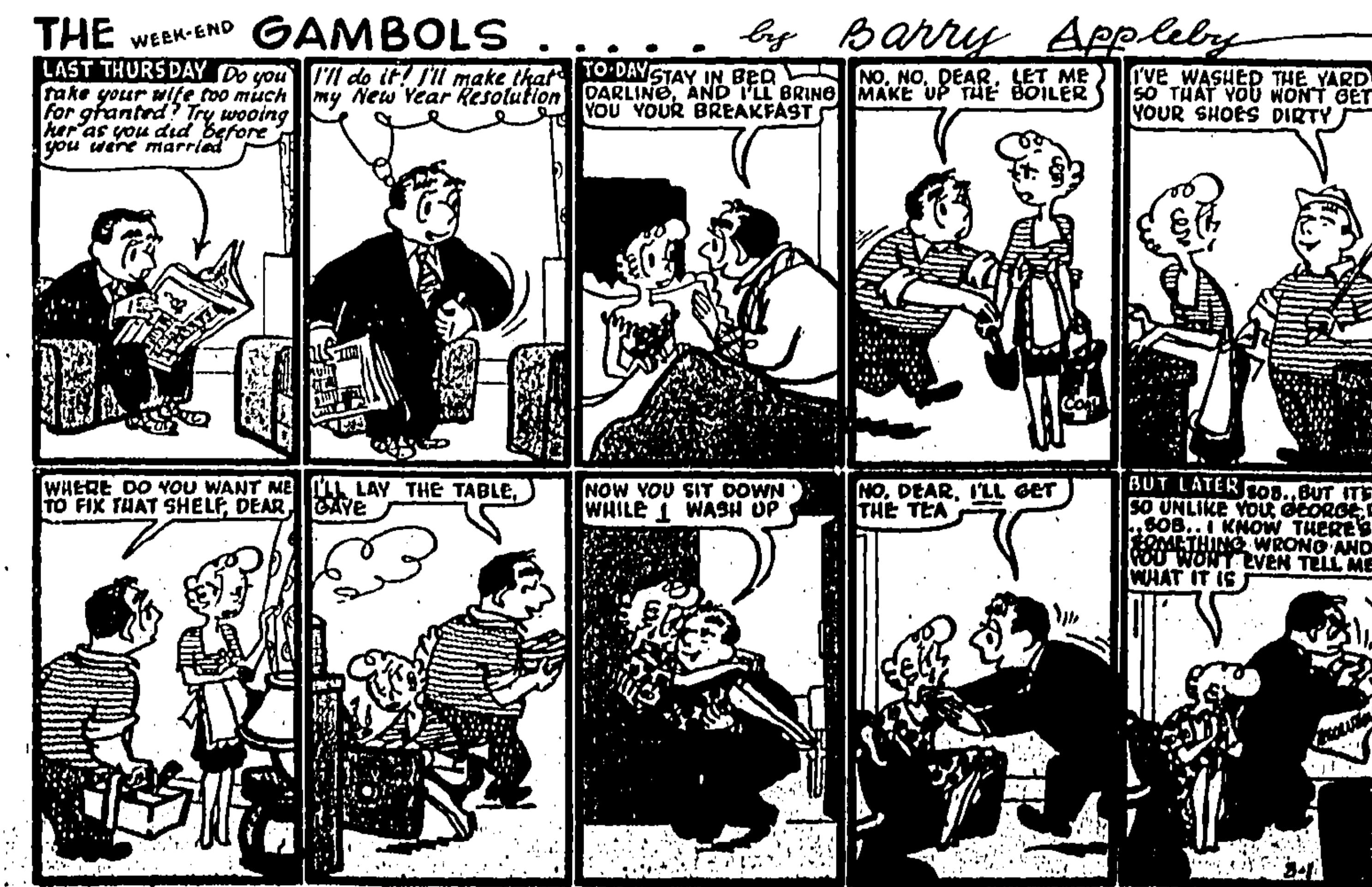
Who is this man, the Stanley Matthews—for his stature stands as high-as-of Rugby League football, this No. 1 box office attraction, who pulled in the fans at Windsor Park, Belfast, and Dalymount Park, Dublin, for the exhibition games between Warrington and Halifax?

## LITTLE CHANCE

Warrington signed him during the war, when he was in the Navy. He came back in 1946. And when the fans saw him they gave him little chance in the tough business of professional Rugby.

—(London Express Service)

## THE WEEK-END GAMBOLES . . .



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## YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, JUNE 5

BORN today, you are fond of activity and excitement. You like something interesting going on all the time. Unless you curb this tendency, you are apt to be in hot water most of the time. You do have the facility for getting out safely—and landing on both feet—but you would save a lot of effort and trouble if you kept out of it all in the first place! Put a curb on your impulsiveness and you will find life becomes a little simpler. Significant occurrences which may change the entire trend of your life can occur in your eighteenth, twenty-fifth and thirty-second years.

Since you are, by nature, a good organiser, you could be chosen to be put in charge of important projects. You have excellent executive powers and know how to make others co-operate with you. Since you are a good judge of character, and can size up a person accurately at first sight, you would make a good director of personnel. You are reliable and can be counted on to finish any job which you have begun. You expend nervous energy so easily that you are the type to build up tensions rather easily. Learn to relax.

Among those who were born on this date are: Igor Stravinsky, composer; Vélezquez, artist; George T. Angell, founder of the Humane Society; Roger Batchelor, author; and Columbus Delaney, statesman.

To find what the star have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, JUNE 6

**GEMINI** (May 21-June 21)—SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Don't let the spirit of fate rule the day with a little worry. What can't be helped, should be forgotten.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)—It is a fine day, spend every hour of it outdoors. Fresh air and sunshine can do wonders for you.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Pay some mind to your health today. You may be experiencing too much nervous energy.

**PISCES** (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—This is the time for restful relaxation appropriate to the day. Avoid doing anything you have to do.

**ARIES** (Mar. 21-Apr. 19)—Take the entire family for a walk. If you get an early start you can get into the backwoods.

**Taurus** (Apr. 21-May. 20)—Be sensible in your outdoor recreations. If you are a city dweller, Don't overdo it.

**CANCER** (June 22-July 23)—Change of mental activity can do a great deal for you. Reawaken your energies and your ambitions.

**LEO** (July 24-Aug. 23)—Your family circle should offer you pleasures which will bring lasting happiness, just now.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 24-Sept. 22)—The stars are definitely in your favor. You can do almost anything you wish today and be successful.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 23-Oct. 22)—If driving home today, make a point to get an early start and avoid the last-minute rush.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Enjoy thoroughly the beauties of the country. A real day of rest is what you need.

BORN today, your outstanding characteristic is originality of thought as with so many of those born under your sign. And, with you, there is a capability of instrumentation so that you know how to develop all latent talent that lies with you. You might be highly successful in the field of invention, although you have artistic and literary gifts, as well.

Your sense of justice is keen and your powers of analysis are marked; all this plus your ability to gather facts and present them in a highly entertaining manner may enable you to become a consulting writer whose pen belongs to that group which can be mightier than the sword in influencing your times.

Your emotional nature is strong and it is likely that you will fall in love deeply at some time in your life. It could be love at first sight, too. See that you do not mistake infatuation for love.

Among those who were born on this date are: Thomas Mann, author; Nathan Hale, patriot; Will James, author-artist; Bruno Klein, pianist; John Troubridge, artist; Samuel P. Newman and Daniel Beach, educators.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, JUNE 7

**GEMINI** (May 21-June 21)—Make concessions if you get into an argument. You might win out in the long run, if you do.

**CANCER** (June 22-July 23)—Even if you have a rugged day ahead of you, that restful week-end just past will give you strength.

**LEO** (July 24-Aug. 23)—You may find that you need to pay a little more strict attention to detail. Be careful.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 24-Sept. 22)—Better not to make any sudden change just now. Stick to the familiar routine for the best possible progress.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 23-Oct. 22)—Be ready to start the new week with energy and enthusiasm. There is a lot to be done.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—If you are determined to make progress, you can do just that. It's a very good day.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—There are rewards aplenty waiting for you. Just discover where they are and go out after them.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)—If you find yourself becoming too narrow in your outlook, rend widely to expand your mental horizons.

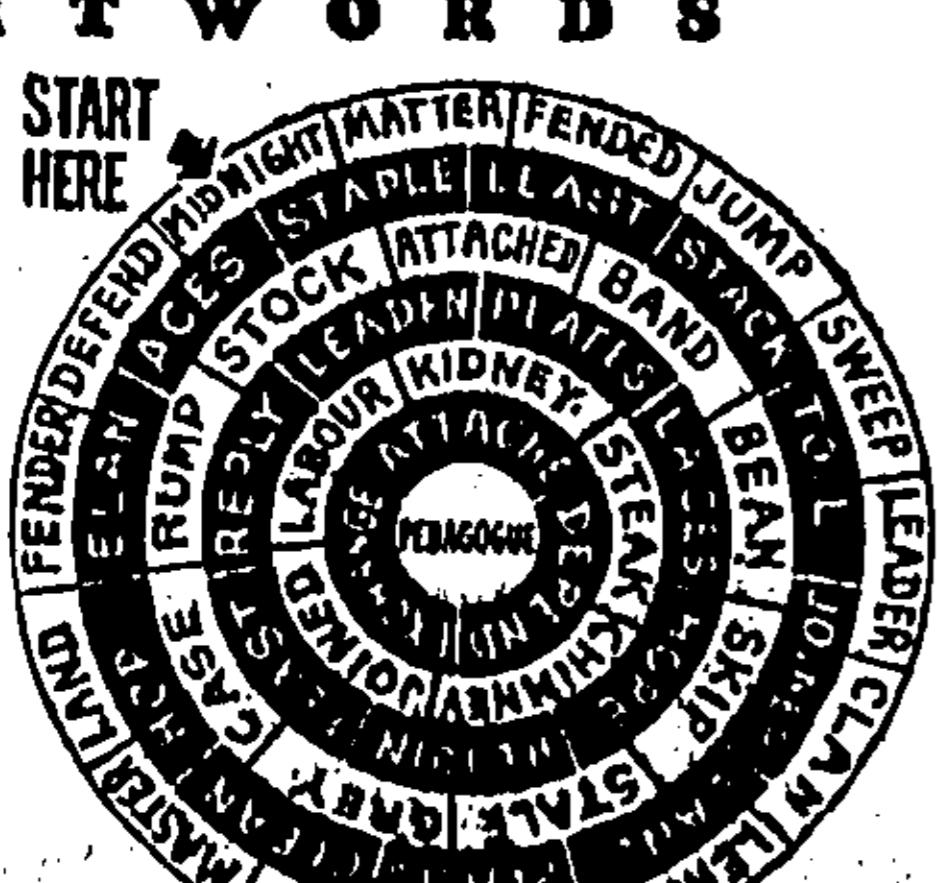
**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—If you aren't feeling up to scratch today don't blame the

## DUMB-BELLS

I WAS JUST THINKING HOW FORTUNATE IT IS THAT PEOPLE LOSE THEIR MINDS BEFORE THEY ARE PUT IN ASYLUMS!



## DART WORDS



1. The word may be an anagram of the word that precedes it.  
2. It may be a synonym of the word that precedes it.  
3. It may be found by adding one letter to or subtracting one letter or replacing one letter in the preceding word.  
4. It may be added to or subtracted from the preceding word in a series, simile, metaphor, or association of ideas.  
5. It may form, with the preceding word, a name of a well-known person, place, or thing in history.

(ANSWERS ON PAGE 10)



I'm sorry, Emil, but the answer is still no!

## JACOBY ON BRIDGE

## Learn to Handle The Psychic Bid

By OSWALD JACOBY

TODAY I present another quotation from my brand-new book, "What's New in Bridge." The subject of the double is not altogether new, but it is the most important single feature of anybody's bidding, so it will be of interest to my readers, even if it isn't completely new to them.

Perhaps an opponent occasionally slips up in a psychic overcall against you. When you spot the psychic, you can usually show it up by doubling for penalties. In this situation, however, you'd only win if you can beat.

Let's make an example in today's hand.

When South leads three diamonds, West should pass. He has already chosen the nature of his hand by doubling two hearts and three clubs. The failure to double three diamonds will now be highly informative to East.

This pax will go against the grain with most bridge players. They have the smell of blood in their nostrils, and they pile right into South's trap.

South is delighted to play the hand at three diamonds doubled.

## CROSSWORD

By E. PUIG AMBROS

Black, 12 pieces.

NORTH 2  
K 10 8 3  
10 8 7 3  
2  
J 10 7 4WEST 10 5  
A Q 9 6 2  
10 9 8 7  
K Q 0 3SOUTH 6 2  
4 3  
AK Q J 9 6 5 3  
6 2

East-West vul.

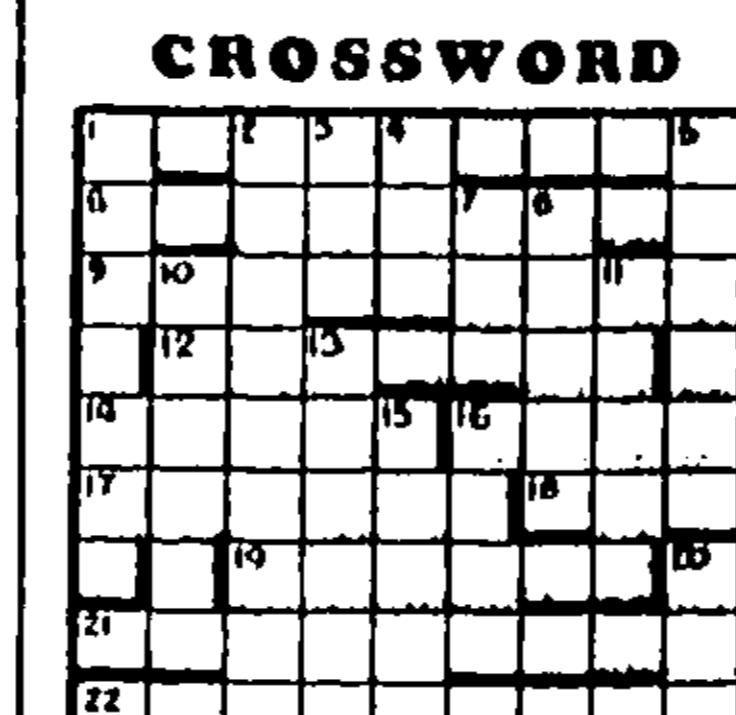
East South West North

1 A 2 2 (1) Double Pass

Pass 3 3 (1) Double Pass

Pass Pass

Opening lead—A 9



1. Poor darts make entrances short. (4, 6)  
2. This man is a bit loudy—or raucously. (6)  
3. I drew both mixed up with a noise. (10)  
4. Here's a left-over. (7)  
5. Get mixed up with a din. (5)  
6. A punch makes no tangible feature. (6)  
7. This is a sleepfall below. (8)  
8. This is a chisel. (6)  
9. He after names. (9)  
10. It sounds as if father's pastime will help the family to get abroad. (9)

Down:

1. Just in case, it's up . . . the tea-canister. (6)  
2. Water, paper. (6)  
3. Take the stiff out of it. Down  
4. Penny, one penny. (3)  
5. Plings, one keeps the papers  
6. Girl from the penalty area. (6)  
7. Even one describes somebody. (6)  
8. Over-dramatic. (6)  
9. Low dog. (6)

10. Minders without a penny. (6)  
11. Four paper at the base. (6)  
12. Crosses, a place. (6)  
13. He's just come from the cook stand. (6)  
14. Stoop, stoop. (6)  
15. Peonies. (6)  
16. A cross. (6)

(Yesterday's solution)

## CHESS PROBLEM

By E. PUIG AMBROS

Black, 12 pieces.

NORTH 2  
K 10 8 3  
10 8 7 3  
2  
J 10 7 4WEST 10 5  
A Q 9 6 2  
10 9 8 7  
K Q 0 3SOUTH 6 2  
4 3  
AK Q J 9 6 5 3  
6 2

East-West vul.

East South West North

1 A 2 2 (1) Double Pass

Pass 3 3 (1) Double Pass

Pass Pass

Opening lead—A 9

White, 11 pieces.

White to play: mate in two.

Solution to yesterday's problem:

1. B—B3; threat K1—Q2 (ch); R×B; 2, K1—K2 (dis ch); 3, K1×B; 2, K1—R3 (dis ch); 4, Q×B; 2, K1—K2 (dis ch); 5, Q×B; 2, K1—K6 (dis ch).

White to play: mate in two.

Solution to yesterday's problem:

He starts with eight trump tricks and hopes to find a trick in his partner's hand. If the North hand is trickless, South is content to be set one trick (with his honours as an offset against the penalty) rather than allow East-West to bid and make a game.

If West doubles three diamonds, East must accept the double. For all he knows, West may have strength in all three of the suits that he has doubled.

If West passes, East must act.

If he cannot double, for he likewise has no double of a diamond contract, it isn't easy for him to find the right bid, since South's shenanigans have disrupted the auction.

East's best bid is three hearts, treating West's double as the equivalent of a heart bid. But if East merely bids three spades, West will probably bid four hearts and take a chance that there is a sound game contract at either spades or hearts.

If West doubles three diamonds, East must accept the double. For all he knows, West may have strength in all three of the suits that he has doubled.

If West passes, East must act. If he cannot double, for he likewise has no double of a diamond contract, it isn't easy for him to find the right bid, since South's shenanigans have disrupted the auction.

For the first act, which takes place in a morgue, the stage was thrashed three feet, and propped up on piles of corks. A toy railway train was stuck to one well, and on the other side of the stage there was a bulldozer with no sides to it, filled with the skeletons of ferrets. In the centre of the stage there was a large ball of red string with a coaching-lantern on top of it, and the backcloth was a torn piece of mica, through which wooden horses poked their heads. All this was admirably suited to the scene in which the tram-driver walks round a smoking egg on stilts.

For the second act, which takes place in a morgue, the stage was thrashed three feet, and propped up on piles of corks. A toy railway train was stuck to one well, and on the other side of the stage there was a bulldozer with no sides to it, filled with the skeletons of ferrets. In the centre of the stage there was a large ball of red string with a coaching-lantern on top of it, and the backcloth was a torn piece of mica, through which wooden horses poked their heads. All this was admirably suited to the scene in which the tram-driver walks round a smoking egg on stilts.

"Given a short time, I can do a better job," said Mr. Slopcorner.

"There's more to it than meets the nose," said Mr. Slopcorner, "I'm the man who found when he found a stale haddock in his pocket."

For the third act, which takes place in a morgue, the stage was thrashed three feet, and propped up on piles of corks. A toy railway train was stuck to one well, and on the other side of the stage there was a bulldozer with no sides to it, filled with the skeletons of ferrets. In the centre of the stage there was a large ball of red string with a coaching-lantern on top of it, and the backcloth was a torn piece of mica, through which wooden horses poked their heads. All this was admirably suited to the scene in which the tram-driver walks round a smoking egg on stilts.

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"There's more to it than meets the nose," said Mr. Slopcorner.

"Given a short time, I can do a better job," said Mr. S

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SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1954.

JOHN CLARKE'S  
CASEBOOK

## Music In The Air

IT was mid-afternoon and the West End street was full of women shoppers whose tread was light and whose eyes were bright because the hour was upon them when they could decently take their weight off their feet and sit down to a cup of tea.

It was this benevolent hour that Charlie chose for his performance. He took up his place on the kerb, tenderly laid his grubby cap on the pavement, and hung from his neck a card that bore a pen-and-ink message. Then he took up a concertina and stood still as a statue of a concertina player, and the pennies began to drop from his cap, though he played not a note.

It was the legend that the card bore, not the instrument, that earned the money.

### THE APPEAL

A SKILLED copy-writer could scarcely have improved upon the appeal in that message at that time. In that place, NO MEANS ... DISABLED ... BAD FEET, it said.

In a kind of reverie, Charlie stood and let the money come. Then sharply his reverie ended. He saw on his horizon a police inspector. He clutched at the concertina and began to wrestle with it, wondering what you had to do to make notes come. At last a couple of shrill squeaks emerged. Too late.

"I'm arresting you for begging," said the inspector.

"But I was playing," Charlie protested. "I was playing music."

"Come along," said the inspector.

### AN INTERVAL

AT Bow Street next morning Charlie, a gnarled, bronzed little man of 51 who fancies himself a good deal older, pleaded not guilty.

"You don't think, do you?" said the magistrate, Mr Bertram Reece, to the inspector, when his evidence was over, "that you might have come upon this man during an er ... interval. In his performance?"

"No, sir," said the inspector. "He admitted to me later that he couldn't play any tunes."

"Coo, excuse me sir," cried Charlie, netted. "I was playing a recognisable tune—My Blue Heaven."

### VARIATIONS?

"I AM familiar with that tune, and I did not recognise the sounds he made as such," said the inspector loftily.

"I suggest the Inspector has no ear for music," said Charlie, and added quickly for insurance purposes, "meaning no disrespect for the court."

"There were variations on the tune, perhaps?" the magistrate asked.

"So, sir, it was just like this," said the inspector, and picking up the concertina, he played a few notes that might have been variations on a theme for the hooters of Paris' taxicabs.

Mr Reece looked at the inspector with admiration. "I see," he said, and turned to ask Charlie what he wanted to say.

### SWEET SOUNDS

"WELL, I got no means," Charlie said, "and bad feet and other trouble. But I had the fortune yesterday to meet an old chef what I worked with in a hotel in the Isle of Wight last summer, and he said I could go again."

"Are you going to the Isle of Wight today?"

"How can I?" Charlie demanded. "I gotta earn me fare, first."

"See what you can do for him, would you?" Mr Reece asked the probation officer, who nodded and left the court.

"All right, sirs, or one day; you can go now," said the magistrate to Charlie, who hobbled out at a fine old pace on the probation officer's heels. He went as if he heard from afar the loveliest music of all—the jingle of coins in the pocket, the pianissimo whisper of paper money.

### DARTWORDS SOLUTION

MIDNIGHT OH — Tod  
Leisure — Exchange — Stock  
Black — Chinamen — Swell  
Clean — Clean — Clean — Land  
Land — Band — Hope — Hop  
Kidney — Blood — Foot — Lease  
— State — Staples — Plates  
Places — Laces — Aces — Case  
Attack — Attached — Joined — Join  
Join — Back — Hook — Hock — Hock  
Depend — Depend — Fended  
Fender — Lender — Leader  
Leader — Leader — Master — Master  
EDACOGUE

## Blow To England's Test Hopes: Tony Lock Is Ill

London, June 4.

With the first English-Pakistan Test match only six days off, Tony Lock, the Surrey and English left-arm slow bowler, has suspected whooping cough.

It is extremely unlikely that the selectors will now consider him when they met on Sunday to pick England's team.

In view of Lock's indisposition, it must have cheered the selectors when they heard of the brilliant all-round performance by Johnny Wardle, the Yorkshire slow left arm spinner, in the game which ended today at Hull.

### Importance Of Yoshida's Visit To UK

London, June 4.

The Economist, a leading independent British review, spoke today of the "vital importance to Japan and the West of Mr Yoshida's visit to London."

The article said Britain could do much to help the Western cause in Japan; especially as rightly or wrongly, there was an impression in some Japanese circles that Sir Winston Churchill personally was still hostile towards, or uninterested in, Japan.

There was an impression, too, in Japan that the British Prime Minister had not forgotten or forgiven Singapore, and the sinking of the warships Prince of Wales and Repulse.

The point is that while Mr Yoshida is perhaps no Dr Adenauer, it is as much in the interests of Britain and the United States to keep him in power as it is to keep the German leader in power.

"It is difficult to say which of my successors—whether Mr Takeo Ogata, his tough deputy of equivocal war repute; or the brilliant but embittered anti-American Mr Tanzan Ishibaishi; or the unsupported Mr Mamori Shimizu who would be capable of holding together the uneasy Yoshida—disguised Conservative, or so-called Liberal, front."

The article added that the Socialist alternative was highly perilous, both on a short term and long term view.

**LILLE NENNI GROUP**  
The left-wing Socialists have all the irresponsibility of the Nenni group in Italy; while the right-wing of the party are unsure of anything but their desire to gain office.

"Any shift to the left from what, in Japan, may be politely termed a reasonable Conservative administration, would merely iridate more brightly the mirage of pacifism and neutrality which the Communists would dearly like to see rise in dizzier splendour on the volcanic sands of Japan."

The advantages of any successful requests for essential loans and aid that Mr Yoshida might present to President Eisenhower were double-edged, the review continued.

"The more impressive they are with the Washington seal superimposed, the more surely they will endorse the growing popular conviction in Japan that the nation is being exploited as an American colony and as a bomber springboard for an atomic war."

Presuming that the recent Anglo-Japanese sterling agreement heralded at long last "some sort of positive and intelligent British policy towards the old enemy," it may therefore be hoped that Mr Yoshida would be given not merely honourable red carpet treatment in London, but also some gifts in the amiable Japanese fashion to take home with him.

**SOME PRESENTS**  
"Such elementary gestures of British goodwill unencumbered as they would be by the real and imaginary dollar tie that are now fatally attached to all American aid would give the face which he needs at home and which all Japan pathetically longs for."

"These presents could well include the withdrawal of Britain's opposition to Japan's full membership of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade; an invitation to Japan to join the Colombo Plan as a modest donor of technical assistance; an opportunity for Mr Yoshida to

explain Japan's case to top level gatherings of textile, pottery and other nervous-sectional interests in England and—admitted though it may seem—photographs of Mr Yoshida being received and welcomed as a world leader by Sir Winston."

"His personal visit to London provides an admirable opportunity for capitalising to mutual advantage on that reputation for filling the unhappy and dangerous vacuum in Britain's policy towards Japan and for helping politically the one known and available Japanese leader who will help the West."

### Arrest Of Japanese MPs Demanded

TOKYO, June 4.  
The Chairman of the Diet, Mr Tsurumaru Yasujiro, who declared the session extended at the height of last night's battle a few minutes before midnight, today demanded the arrest of those responsible for the riot.

The supreme prosecutor's office decided to take no action unless they receive a formal request from the Diet.

Mr Noburo Saito, Chief of the National Rural Police, described last night's riot as a "kind of coup d'etat".

He said the police had information earlier that the Socialists were planning "something unusual" in the Diet and had received a request from the Diet authorities before the Lower House convened to be ready to send riot squads into the debating chamber "at a moment's notice".—Reuter.

### S. Rhodesia Declares Emergency

#### Railway Strike Threat

SALISBURY, Southern Rhodesia, June 4.

The Southern Rhodesian Government decided tonight to declare a state of emergency because of strike threats and a national coal shortage.

Railway drivers in Salisbury have struck for higher wages despite threats of prosecution and dismissal and men at Bulawayo and other cities are supporting them.

The railways have warned that anyone who stops work will be instantly dismissed.

But several branches of the railway union have threatened to bring out all grades if any of the striking drivers are imprisoned.

The drivers' strike is illegal under the Industrial Conciliation and Railways Act. The Southern Rhodesian Government has said it would prosecute men taking part in the stoppage.

A few hours before the decision on declaring a state of emergency was announced, a Government spokesman had said that barring a complete shut-down it was expected to maintain coal, petrol and wheat supplies.

Salisbury power station has enough coal for about five days.—Reuter.

### Attlee Looking Forward To Red China Visit

COPENHAGEN, June 4.

The British Labour leader, Mr Clement Attlee, and Mrs Attlee arrived in Copenhagen by air tonight to attend the Danish Social Democratic Party's constitutional day rally tomorrow.

In a short statement to the press Mr Attlee said he was very keen to make the visit to Communist China.

Asked about the situation in Southeast Asia, Mr Attlee replied: "I am not unhappy. I think that a settlement will have to be found on the basis of the rights of self-determination of the peoples of Asia."

"I hope to see the peoples of Indo-China developing on the same lines as India, Pakistan, Burma and Ceylon. Old fashioned colonialism is out of date. If you don't meet the demands of nationalism it may be very dangerous."

Mr and Mrs Attlee were to-night entertained to dinner by the Foreign Minister, Mr H. C. Hansen.

On Monday they will go to Malmö in Sweden.—Reuter.

## 5-Nation Disarmament Talks Likely To End In Deadlock

LONDON, June 4.  
Secret five-nation disarmament talks, which adjourned today for the Whitsun weekend, are expected to end here within the next week or 10 days with East and West still deadlocked on crucial issues, diplomatic sources said.

Representatives of the major "atomic" powers—the United States, France, Russia, Canada and Britain—have been meeting here for three weeks as a sub-committee of the United Nations Disarmament Commission.

The delegates were charged with finding an "acceptable" solution to the disarmament problem, including atomic control, and are due to report back to the full Commission by July 15.

But the sources said, the sub-committee had made no progress towards East-West agreement on a main principle—the question of control of atomic weapons.

**RUSSIA INSISTS**  
Russia has continued to insist that the first step in any atomic disarmament should be the prohibition of the hydrogen and atomic bombs.

But the Western powers are demanding adequate powers of inspection and control to ensure that any atomic disarmament plan is respected.

Work on the remaining issues—on conventional disarmament—on which East and West are also deadlocked—is expected to be completed shortly.—Reuter.

### Prison For Five Reds

ST LOUIS, June 4.

Four Communists were sentenced to five years imprisonment and a fifth to three years here today for conspiring to teach and advocate the overthrow of the US Government by force.

Not only were more Negroes being hired in better jobs, Mr Miller said, but more Negroes were moving up and gaining recognition in higher level jobs.

"In the armed forces, Negroes fight and fly side by side with white service men," Mr Miller continued.

"The days when a Negro could serve only as a messboy in the United States Navy are gone forever."—Reuter.

### Former Boxer Arrested On Bribe Charge

NEW YORK, June 4.

Clarence Henry, one time third ranking heavyweight contender, was arrested today on a charge of offering a \$15,000 bribe to Bobby Jones to lose his fight with Joey Giardello on June 11.

District Attorney Frank Hogan announced this shortly after Mr Robert Christensen, Chairman of the State Athletic Commission, had praised Jones and his manager, Bobby Menick, for reporting that two attempts had been made to bribe the boxer.

Twenty-seven-year-old Henry, who won 14 fights in succession between 1950 and 1952, lost his last two fights of a comeback campaign.—Reuter.

**FRENCHMAN WINS  
GOLF MATCH**

Saint Germain, France, June 4.

Henri de Lamare of France won the French amateur golf championship for the fifth time, when he defeated Clarke Huddicott of the United States, by four and three in the 36 holes final here today.

The 35-year-old French international was one up after the morning round. In ideal conditions, he played some excellent golf, but his task was made easier by his opponent's poor putting.—Reuter.

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